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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[A TERRIBLE WOMAN.]

CLARICE VILLIERS;

OR,

WHAT LOVE FEARED.

CHAPTER V.

THE GOD OF SLEEP.

*Alas! the birds of heaven have wings,
And winds of heaven will aid their flight;
They mount; how short a voyage brings
The wanderer back to their delight.
Chains tie us down by land and sea,
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that are left to comfort thee. WORDSWORTH.*

ARICIA spent the first day of her imprisonment in solitude and sorrow. Twice her mother came up the creaking staircase, each time bearing a scanty meal, but vouchsafing no word. But the girl cared neither for food nor companionship. She desired silence and loneliness only, that she might indulge to the uttermost that communing with her own heart which formed the commencement of her real life.

And despite the troubled thoughts of the day, Aricia's dreams that night were happy ones, for in her every vision mingled the face of Everard Redmond.

To him flew, too, her first waking imagination with the morrow's light, and with it came a fixed resolve that, let her mother do what she might, she should not hinder Aricia from meeting the young intruder once more.

The second day passed as the first had done,

with the exception that at each visit Mrs. Dornton had asked:

"Will you give me the pledge?" and Aricia had replied by a defiant negative.

"She cannot keep me always locked up here," murmured the girl, as the key turned on her at eventide. "We shall see!"

She anticipated no speedy release, however, knowing the unyielding determination of the strange woman. And he would come meanwhile—Aricia felt sure of that; he would seek her and think that she had disregarded his request—his entreaties.

Might it not be well to gain temporary freedom by a simulated obedience to her mother's will? Sometimes Aricia's unformed, half-childish mind was sorely tempted by that solution of the harassing problem.

But her integrity triumphed. She knew no morality save that which she had learned from the pages of her books, but her heart recoiled from gaining even the bliss she most desired by the forfeiture of her truth. But relief came sooner than Aricia had hoped.

On the morning of the sixth day, pre-occupied as was her mind, the girl could not help being struck by the look of pain and weariness which almost softened Mrs. Dornton's harsh countenance.

All displays of emotion were interdicted in that abode. No kiss, maternal or filial, ever passed between mother and daughter; no unusual word of kindness, much less of fond affection, such as brightens the rude abode of even the outcasts of humanity, would Mrs. Dornton either utter or tolerate from her child. A laconic calmness had marked all their intercourse.

Yet nature will have its way, whatever bonds of iron conventionalism or eccentricity may seek to bind it withal. The girl's heart softened at the look of distress and pain upon her mother's face. Perhaps the dawn of a love, new and sweet and unrealised, awoke the filial affection in Aricia's soul.

"You are ill, mother?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"I can read it in your face."

"My face belies me then. Have you yet decided to obey me?"

"I cannot."

Mrs. Dornton shook her head grimly, and turned to leave the room. As she did so she staggered, and, reeling to the table, caught at it for support.

"Oh, mother, forgive me! Let me come with you and nurse you, as I have done before."

"I do not want your help, ingrate!"

By a strong effort of self-command the woman recovered herself, and strode out of the chamber. But her next coming was protracted beyond the customary hour, and Aricia noticed that the feeble, hesitating step which at last ascended the staircase was very different to the usual firm, loud tread.

The change for the worse in Mrs. Dornton's appearance was strongly marked. It was evident that even her indomitable determination had hardly sufficed to sustain her in the ascent. She sank upon the side of the pallet bed, panting and breathless, her left hand pressed tightly to her side, her face pale as that of the dead, even to the blanched, thin lips. Yet there was no faltering in her voice, although a weak whisper replaced the usual clear, strident tones.

"You were right, Aricia," she said; "I am

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ill—sorely ill. My malediction be upon the weakness of our common humanity, which lets the wretched, fragile body rule the strong mind. And I want your help—and must have it. Will you promise?"

The girl hesitated. Mrs. Dornton gazed at her impatiently. Beads of perspiration stood on her brow, and pain spasms writhed her close-set lips.

"Promise me, at least, that you—that you will—not leave—ah!—leave the house for the next eight-and-forty hours."

Aricia murmured a hasty assent.

"Help me down to the laboratory."

The girl obeyed, steadyng her parent's irregular steps down flight after flight of stairs, at first narrow and steep, but as the lower storeys were gained widening into tiers of oaken steps, flanked by heavy balustrades, on the newel-posts of which sat carved griffins of oak, holding shields which had once been blazoned with armorial bearings in gold and silver, in gules and azure.

Arrived at the ground floor, the girl led her mother along a spacious corridor to the rear of the mansion. At the last door she stopped. The half-fainting woman who clung to her arm raised, by an effort, a heavy bunch of keys which hung, like a châtelaine, from the rough leather belt which girdled her, and selecting one, endeavoured to insert it in the lock. Her failing fingers refused the office, and reluctantly she resigned the keys to her daughter.

The heavy door being open they entered. Aricia led her mother to a huge oaken chair, and returning, closed the door carefully. Singular as was the appearance of the room which they had occupied on the eventful morning of Lord Redmond's visit, it might be held as commendable in comparison with the bareness of fact.

It was, like the other, spacious and lofty, with traces of faded magnificence around. Like that, too, dust lay thick everywhere, and the heavy draperies spun by giant spiders rested undisturbed. But the other room was at least some appearance of adaptation to the needs of life. This was wholly alien to them.

Over the marble hearth had been erected a rude furnace, by which stood implements of strange form—still and alembic and crucible. Around on shelves and table, and even littering the floor, were retorts and receivers, spirit lamps and blow-pipes, and numerous bottles and jars, filled with fluids and powders of many colours and bearing on their sides Latin abbreviations and mystical characters.

A laboratory plainly; but not one of those in which "star-eyed science" is to-day made to yield up her beneficent secrets for the use and pleasure of man.

No, it was rather one of those gloomy dens in which the searchers of the darker ages toiled on in pursuit of vain dreams, seeking the talisman that should transmute base metal into the bright gold, or—still vainer vision—the magic draught which should dispel the decrepitude of threescore-and-ten, and confer upon its finder the glorious gift of undying and immortal youth.

A couch, as little luxurious as the one in Aricia's chamber, indicated that the room was sometimes used as a sleeping apartment.

"Give me wine!" gasped Mrs. Dornton.

The girl crossed to a large armoire of black walnut, and brought out a cobwebbed bottle and a beaker of rare Venetian glass. She poured out a quantity of the ruby-coloured liquid, which Mrs. Dornton drank slowly and with effort.

"Ah! it gives a sparkle of life, but it cannot appease my torture pangs. The laudanum!"

Aricia brought from the same receptacle a tall bottle containing a small quantity of fluid and a glass measure. She held them up before Mrs. Dornton.

"Only sufficient for to-night. Lambourne must procure a fresh supply in the morning."

Aricia poured out a quantity so considerable that the dose assured an habitual taker of the drug, or that the consumer was of peculiarly powerful bodily frame.

The woman's face had assumed some ap-

peal to its ordinary calm. She held the goblet into which Aricia emptied the opium for a few seconds while she scrutinised the girl's countenance closely.

"These attacks increase both in frequency and intensity, Aricia. You hope that I shall die of this?"

"Mother, you are more cruel than is your wont!"

"Bah! silly chit, do I look for anything else from you? Do I ask for aught but indifference—such as I feel myself?"

The girl stepped towards her with a deprecating gesture, but halted as she marked the frown which gathered on the elder woman's brow.

"Enough! I shall not die yet, nor until the purpose of my life be fulfilled." And she drained the goblet.

"Help me to the bedside."

Aricia obeyed.

"Good! Now leave me. I shall sleep until to-morrow eve. Send Lambourne in the morning for the drug, although I shall require no more for a space. Look upon me at sunrise and sunset, and if I am sleeping at sunset, awaken me by the usual means. Go!"

Aricia bowed her head and went towards the door, then suddenly turning threw her arms around Mrs. Dornton's neck and pressed a kiss on her wrinkled forehead.

The woman made a hasty gesture of repulsion, but the girl turned quickly and left the room. Mrs. Dornton looked after her for a moment with her heavy eyes, then laughed a low, bitter laugh.

"The little idiot would persuade me that there is good in humankind yet," she muttered. "No! I am not to be won to that side faith. Never again!"

She threw herself, all clothed as she was, upon the pallet, and her eyes soon closed. Once or twice she uttered a sneeze and her hand sought her bosom, half drawing from it some small object. It was a golden locket, gauded with sparkling jewels. Then she ceased into heavy stuporous slumber, which soon became deep and calm.

CHAPTER VI.

PLAYING WITH PERIL.

Fraud, that in every conscience leaves a sting,
May be by man employed on one whose trust
He wins, or on another who withholds
Strict confidence. DANTE.

WHATEVER transient doubts of her lover's loyalty Basil Olyfaunt had raised in Clarice Villiers' mind had fled as summer clouds before the sun with the return of the truant to his fealty.

Her nature was one joyous and frank and little exacting despite its pride. One word of love from Lord Redmond's lips had sufficed to overbalance the confident assertions of him whom the girl now held to be a cowardly traducer.

The secretary lived quite en famille in his patron's house. His opportunities of seeing Clarice were therefore constant, and both by her coolness towards himself, her happy look and her bearing towards her accepted lover during the evening, Basil saw that his machinations had failed.

He noted this with considerable annoyance, but with no feeling of doubt that he should at least succeed eventually in arresting Clarice's love from Lord Redmond. Whether he could also accomplish his cherished purpose of winning her affections himself was, he was well aware, a different matter.

The young secretary, under a somewhat awkward and timid exterior, hid a mind both shrewd and ambitious. He was sufficiently versed in knowledge of the human heart to be aware that Lord Redmond would not easily and entirely relinquish his pursuit of the recluse's daughter.

What Basil had told to Clarice was true and the result of his own observation—say, rather,

his treacherous espionage. He did not question that he should be able to follow up his researches into the conduct of Clarice's future husband during the remainder of the stay of the Villiers' at Tremawr Manor.

Meanwhile the young man had other matters in hand. He had solicited from Mr. Villiers permission to absent himself from the manor on the morrow under plea of some family business which called him into the Midlands. The prospective M.P. had frowned a little at such a request, and had dilated on the inconvenience of Basil's absence, even for a day, at such a juncture; but the young man was a great favourite with the fussy country gentleman, and the permission was granted.

That night, when Basil had retired to his own room, he drew from his pocket a small morocco note-book, from which he took a tiny clipping out of one of the daily papers. He read and re-read the lines, as he had already done many times since the morning. Then he replaced it and murmured, meditatively:

"It is an altogether mysterious advertisement. Yet I seem to fulfil every condition set forth. What a strange chance that my eye should glance down that column to-day. If I could imagine the great position here cautiously hinted at as mine, Clarice Villiers' hand might indeed be a prize fairly within my reach. I believe this strange notice is a portent of good fortune to me, although what the denouement of the situation here enigmatically set forth may be passes my comprehension. Patience! Tomorrow shall solve the problem."

With a caution that was characteristic of him, Basil had surmised his destination to Mr. William. The early forenoon of the succeeding day saw him in London.

He found the address given in the advertisement with some difficulty. It was in an obscure quarter of the metropolis. Basil's spirit sank and his elastic step lost its lightness as he marked the humble nature of the dwellings in the street.

"This doesn't look the place to seek fortune," he muttered, ill-humoredly. "A swindle, I suppose, confound it! Well, at least, I'll see the matter through now!"

The house at which he stopped was a mean looking dwelling, with such scanty show of garniture of drapery or blind at the dirty windows that Basil at first took it to be empty. A young man of about his own age emerged from the door as Basil raised the knocker. The secretary put a casual inquiry to this individual, whose face wore a remarkably sour aspect.

"Yes, this is the place. Oh, you're another victim, are you? Infernal shame, by George! Oh, yes, go in by all means. You'll find a half seat well filled already."

It did not look promising, but Basil entered. On a long deal form in the narrow passage sat three young men. They were conversing fitfully, but the newcomer, seating himself at the end of the form, did not attempt to join in the monosyllabic comments which they made on the disappointed applicant who had just disappeared.

Another individual—wearing an angry, irritated look—emerged from the back parlour which seemed to be the sanctum of the advertiser. He did not pass a word to the waiting applicants, but rushed out like a whirlwind, slamming the street-door with a violence which threatened the stability of the "Jerry" built edifice.

One by one the three filed in; one by one they emerged and left the house, depressed, angry, or affecting scorn, as their temperament dictated. Clearly none successful.

Basil did not augur any hope for himself from this. It was simply one of those swindles, he thought, of which he had so often read in the newspapers. Yet he waited, doggedly determined to see it out, and perhaps, if it so pleased him, to overwhelm with sharp vituperation the impostor who had wasted his time and made an inroad on his slender purse.

When the third and last of those who had preceeded him passed out, with a "Now, try your luck," the secretary pushed open the door of

the room, without any needless courtesy of knocking, and found himself in a chamber whose only furniture was a deal table and a couple of Windsor chairs, one of which was already occupied by a man whose appearance, notwithstanding the indignation which seethed within his mind, struck Basil greatly and, truth to tell, unpleasantly.

Why the latter could not say. The individual whom he faced was simply an ordinary-looking man, with a very clean-shaven face, surmounted by closely-cropped hair. He might have been any age from forty to sixty. His lips were thin; his features mean and commonplace. But the little beady brown eyes, deep-set in the wrinkled flesh which surrounded them, were extraordinarily bright, vivacious and cunning, and not without a gleam of command.

"Sit down, sir," he said, blandly, motioning to the unoccupied chair.

Basil hesitated. Could he not empty the phial of his wrath and disappointment upon this hour-headed victimiser better if he remained on his feet. The sharp eyes gave another twinkle, and the secretary subsided into the chair.

"Good!" said the man, rubbing his hands slowly over each other. "A little obstinacy, but obedient."

Then turning to Basil, he said, in a tone of inquiry:

"Well?"

The cool tone exasperated Basil, whom the previous comment had not conciliated.

"I don't know that it is well, Mr.—Mr. A. L. You appear to be playing a—"

"Stuff! I demanded certain qualifications. I made certain conditions. If I am pestered by a lot of people who have not the first and will not observe the second, the idiots waste my time and patience—not I theirs."

Basil did not reply.

"Well, I hope better things of you, for I am sick of being interviewed by such a troop of unmilitated cads and duffers as I have seen to-day. You have read the advertisement, of course."

"Certainly."

"Do you consider that you fulfil all the requirements therein set forth?"

"I do!"

"We will not trouble at present to take them seriatim, but will begin at the last. Are you absolutely alone in the world?"

"Yes."

"Not even a cousin?"

"Not even that."

"You can, of course, satisfy me on this point?"

"Unquestionably. I can prove the few facts of my life at any time."

"Good! By-and-bye. You are educated?"

"Yes."

"Classics?"

The young man assented.

"What modern languages?"

"French, German, Italian."

"Can dance, ride, fence?"

"I can ride. I have never entered a fencing saloon. I am too gauche to waltz."

"Bah! bah! We will alter that. Your name?"

The secretary hesitated.

"Confound it, man, how can we do business without your name?"

"I only know yours by initials."

Another flash from the dark eyes, which puzzled yet reassured Basil.

"Look ye, young man, your stake in the matter of which we shall perhaps treat will be nothing—your gain enormous. On the contrary, my profit will be small—my risk terrible. You may trust me. I do not say everyone can trust me; it would be the blackest falsehood. But you can do it, and you know it."

"My name is Basil Olyfaunt."

"A good cognomen. Your position?"

Again Basil hesitated. Another eye-glance, and he said:

"Private secretary to Mr. Villiers, of Tremawr Manor, Cornwall."

"Good also. You are handsome and well-

formed, but appear delicate. Have you courage?"

The young man's face flushed, and an angry retort seemed to spring to his lips.

"Steady—steady. I don't mean physical courage, but—"

He bent over until his lips were close to Basil's ear and whispered the remainder of the sentence. The young man's face flushed still more hotly. He set his teeth, breathed hard, and looked at his interlocutor almost defiantly.

"Ay, even that," he replied at last, in a deep tone, "if you can make the promise of your words good."

"I can do much more. If you are the man I seek—and I think you are—I can place at your feet wealth, power, the applause of men, the love of women. How long will it take you to collect evidence of your antecedents?"

"I am busy in Mr. Villiers's affairs. Say ten days."

"Good. Collect it, then meet me again, but not here. Here is my card; but, mark me, say no word of this interview to any living soul. You will want money—there. Good morning."

While he was speaking the man took from his pocket a card and a couple of bank-notes. Wrapping the latter round the former, he grasped Basil's hand cordially, then thrust the parcel into it, and stepping to the door, threw it open.

"Ah! two more candidates," he said: "I can dismiss them. You will do."

CHAPTER VII.

A VISION.

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful.

TENNYSON.

AT sunrise, according to Mrs. Dornton's command, Aricia sought the laboratory and bent over her mother's bed. She was still sleeping peacefully. The girl lingered for a long time watching her. Slumber seemed to smooth away much of the harshness of the stern visage. Aricia's heart was instinct with a strange unwanted yearning towards this hard taskmistress of her life. Twice the girl leant over the sleeper and repeated the caress of the previous evening. She could not remember the time when her lips had thrice so saluted her mother's brow.

As she left the couch her foot struck sharply

against some hard object on the floor. It was the heavy bunch of keys which had somehow

become detached from Mrs. Dornton's belt, and whose loss she had not perceived. Aricia lifted them up, and placing them upon the table, left the room.

It was not until the morning was tolerably far advanced that she could prevail on the dwarf to start to the neighbouring town for the laudanum. Malicious and obstinate, Lambourne stood in no awe of Aricia, as he did of his imperious mistress, and would go only when and how he chose.

The journey must necessarily be made on foot, and as seven miles had to be traversed each way, he was not likely to return until late in the afternoon. Time did not hang heavily on Aricia's hands, although it was not passed in action. Her favourite Gyp might gambol around her feet, the loved and oft-thumbed volumes might invite her to their perusal, but Aricia's mind was a curious mixture of day-dreams and speculations.

Such wild day-dreams—such quaint speculations as they were. About the handsome stranger, of course, first and mainly, thence diverging to conjectures infinite touching herself, her mother, their way of life, the old house. But always returning to one point—a bunch of keys!

Those rusty pieces of iron seemed very magnets which drew Aricia's thoughts back to them, let the thinking room whithersoever it would.

Noon came. The girl threaded the long passages to visit her mother again. There was no change in Mrs. Dornton's appearance. This time, although Aricia stayed equally long as at

her first visit that day, she found her attention divided between watching her parent and glancing ever and anon at the attraction on the table.

At last the girl sidled up timidly to that ancient piece of furniture. She raised the iron guardians and swung them thoughtfully to and fro.

The temptation gathered strength. There were many rooms in the great mansion into which she had never looked. Her mother's slumbers would not pass until hours had elapsed.

Yes, she would explore the place. Never before had an idea so audacious entered the girl's head. But somehow the old fear of her mother seemed to have become weakened, and new resolve and purpose to have sprung up in Aricia's breast.

Yet it was with a trembling hand and a quickly beating heart that she tried the keys in the first lock of lower room, and with some difficulty opened the door.

The cloud of dust which arose from the thick Turkey carpet as the girl set foot in the apartment almost choked her, and rendered all objects nearly invisible. When it had subsided she found herself in a splendidly furnished room, with many paintings upon the walls; but everything tarnished and covered with the dust of years.

After a little half-curious, half-frightened survey, Aricia locked up the first room and pursued her investigations. Through room after room she went, ascending the stairs when the lower floor was exhausted.

The first on the upper floor was a magnificent bed-chamber in keeping with the suite of rooms beneath. The satin hangings and coverlet of the couch, now faded, the delicate lace which shrouded the toilet, falling into decay, showed the same long neglect as elsewhere.

There was one marked difference here, however. The contents of other rooms were barely visible, for the only light that entered them passed through the closed outside Venetian jalousies. But of this chamber one of the shutters had swung itself free, and through the long window the sunbeams streamed brightly.

Some of them were reflected back dazzlingly into Aricia's face from a great mirror which formed one door of a magnificent wardrobe of satinwood. The girl stood transfixed as she turned towards it.

What did it show her? Therein she saw reflected the squalid, degraded garb for which she had blushed while Lord Redmond clasped her hand, but therein, too, she looked on a face of which her woman's heart told her she had no need to feel ashamed.

She was turning away with a little sigh when she noticed that the door of which the glass formed part was not quite closed.

She pulled it open, and gave a cry of delight as it swung back. Within hung store of soft raiment such as the girl had never seen before—delicate muslins and sheer silk, rich velvets and rare fabrics of Ind. The close cabinet had preserved them from dust and moth, and they looked fresh as from the modiste's shop. A wild thought came into Aricia's mind. She would for once in her life see herself in other attire than her rude garb.

No sooner imagined than acted upon. For one sole moment she hesitated between a gorgeous violet velvet and a delicate creamy satin. Then some sense of fitness guided her aright. Her coarse frock was cast aside, skirt and corsage were rapidly donned. A pair of delicate ball-room shoes which caught her eye replaced her hobnailed boots, and the transformation was complete.

As she was about to close the door to survey herself a small box of sandal wood and ivory caught her eye. She drew it from the shelf, turned the tiny key which was in its lock, and threw back the lid.

The girl's dazzled eyes were met by a very galaxy of gleaming gems which lay on their soft velvet couches. Diamonds of purest water, ruddiest rubies, shimmering pearls and lucent

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emeralds were there in their rich garniture of delicate gold.

She touched them at first timidly and doubtfully. Her eyes had never gazed at jewels before. Yet, though she knew naught of their preciousness, she could feel their glory; nor was she ignorant of their purpose, for at the ears and throats of peasant children she had seen their rude and poor resemblances.

Aricia could not hang any of the rich pendants from her own delicate ears, for they had no perforations for such purposes, but she lifted a necklace of great pearls from its tray and clasped it around her slender, sunburnt neck. As the girl did so the sound of a horse's hoofs on the road a short distance from the mansion struck upon her ear. She glanced from the window, her heart swelling with a sudden vague, delicious hope.

She was not deceived. It was Lord Redmond. The young man rode slowly past, hand on haunch, surveying the windows closely. Aricia drew back with a sudden access of maiden timidity. He passed on, and the high laurels of the plantation hid him from her sight. She listened, holding her breath, her heart in a mad passion of throbs.

The hoof beats ceased. He had stopped—stopped, doubtless, at the garden hedge. Her mother, her promise, her strange attire were forgotten. Not knowing what she did, Aricia fled down the stairs, along the corridors, across the courtyard into the garden. A turn of the walk brought her face to face with Lord Redmond, occupied in looking over the prohibited hedge.

The young nobleman recoiled with a suddenness not creditable to his well-bred coolness, though little wonderful. After so many fruitless visits, so many disappointed hopes, to meet this bright vision, "in gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls," truly "rose, lily, and queen in one," for the lovely face was no longer bent down in shame, but radiant with the joy of meeting him; the small head was poised almost proudly on the supple, delicate throat.

The change was marvellous and thorough. Beautiful she had ever been, but now the rustic recluse stood in mien and bearing the semblance of the veriest patrician. But if Lord Redmond doubted for one moment the glad, outstretched hand gave him assurance.

"Miss Dornton," he said, "raising his hat, "thank heaven I see you once more! I have suffered cruelly on your account."

Aricia blushed vividly, less, perhaps, at the words than at their tone and the accompanying look. The blush became her well in the young man's eyes. Blushes were things seldom seen in the correct coldness of his own world.

"I am sorry," she said, simply; then added, with the naïveté of her ignorance of the world, "Why should you do that?"

"Why? Can you ask me? Could I forget the—" He glances round cautiously. "Is there any risk that I shall again compromise you?"

Aricia understood him, less from his words than his manner.

"No, my mother is unable to leave the house."

"Uncommonly fortunate thing, too," whispered the young man to himself; then aloud, "I am sorry that Mrs. Dornton is ill. I suppose even in her absence I may not repeat my trespass?"

Aricia looked at him shyly. Her lips moved, but the reply was inaudible. Lord Redmond chose to take it in the affirmative. The hedge formed as slender a protection for the Dornton domain as it had done before. It was not without a conscience qualm, however, that he passed the boundary. How was he keeping faith with the woman from whom he had but just parted, and with what purpose of good did he seek this girl?

"To protect her, and it may be to rescue her from a cruel tyranny," he told himself, and perhaps believed the flimsy figment which he wore to hide from himself the truth.

For he put all unpleasant thoughts aside.

Was not the sweet reality of the present enough? Aricia had stepped a little back under the soft green shadows of some swaying branches and extended her hand. When the young man's white fingers closed round the delicate digits of this untaught girl, while his eyes gazed into her exquisite face with a passionate yearning which seemed, by its very intensity, akin to pain—when he felt an almost irresistible desire to pour out passionate words of devotion to this stranger, to clasp her in his arms, to press fervent kisses upon cheek and brow and lip, that other colder love—if it were love—for Clarice Villiers faded alike from mind and heart, and Basil Olyfaunt's words were justified.

(*To be Continued.*)

TWO LESSONS.

OUT on a prairie far away,
A fox and wolf were slowly trotting,
Comparing plans for future gain,
And countless schemes of mischief plotting.

Anon they spied a mule, who stood
In the short, thick stubble calmly thinking,
His long ears flapping to and fro,
His keen, round eyes serenely blinking.

"Ah!" whispered Fox—a tricky elf—
"Dear brother Wolf, as I'm a sinner,
Here's what we need now most of all;
Here's meat for many a hearty dinner."

"What beast is it," said brother Wolf,
"I fain would know ere we assail him."

"True," said the Fox; "your hint is good;
Suppose you march right up and hail him."

"Friend with the waving ears," said Wolf,
"We strangers most sincerely greet you."

"I'm Wolf; he's Fox. Tell us your name,
It is an honour, sir, to meet you."

"My name," said Mule, "is graven deep
Upon my hinder hoof—the near one.
You'll laugh when you have spelled it out,
For it is such a very queer one."

Wolf trotted gaily to the rear.
Mule raised his hoof—to save him trouble—
Then let it drive. Full ten feet off
Poor Wolf lay lifeless on the stubble.

MORAL.

Take not the cunning man's advice;
A tricky friend you'll always find him.
And when you interview a mule,
For safety's sake don't stand behind him.

B. G.

SCIENCE.

A NEW SCIENCE.

An Austrian professor has come forward as the discoverer of a new science. He has approached humanity with a measuring tape, and now publishes the results of his laborious investigations. All science is built up more or less on statistics, and Professor Weisbach has laid the foundation of what he himself calls "Antropometry." He has divided the human race into nineteen different peoples, and, collecting his inferences from a sufficient number of

individuals, has published his knowledge in a tabulated form. The points which he has selected for illustrating his theories seem curiously chosen. The length of the body, the circumference of the head, the proportions of the nose, the relation of the arm as compared with other limbs, and the rapidity of pulsation are the chief centres of his system. For example, in the matter of rapidity of pulse he thus catalogues humanity. The dullest circulation seems to belong to negroes of Congo, who have 62 pulsations in a minute. After them come the Hottentots with 64, the Kaffirs 70, the Northern Slavs 72, the Siamese 74, the Jews 77, the Sandwich Islanders 78, and the Nicobars 84.

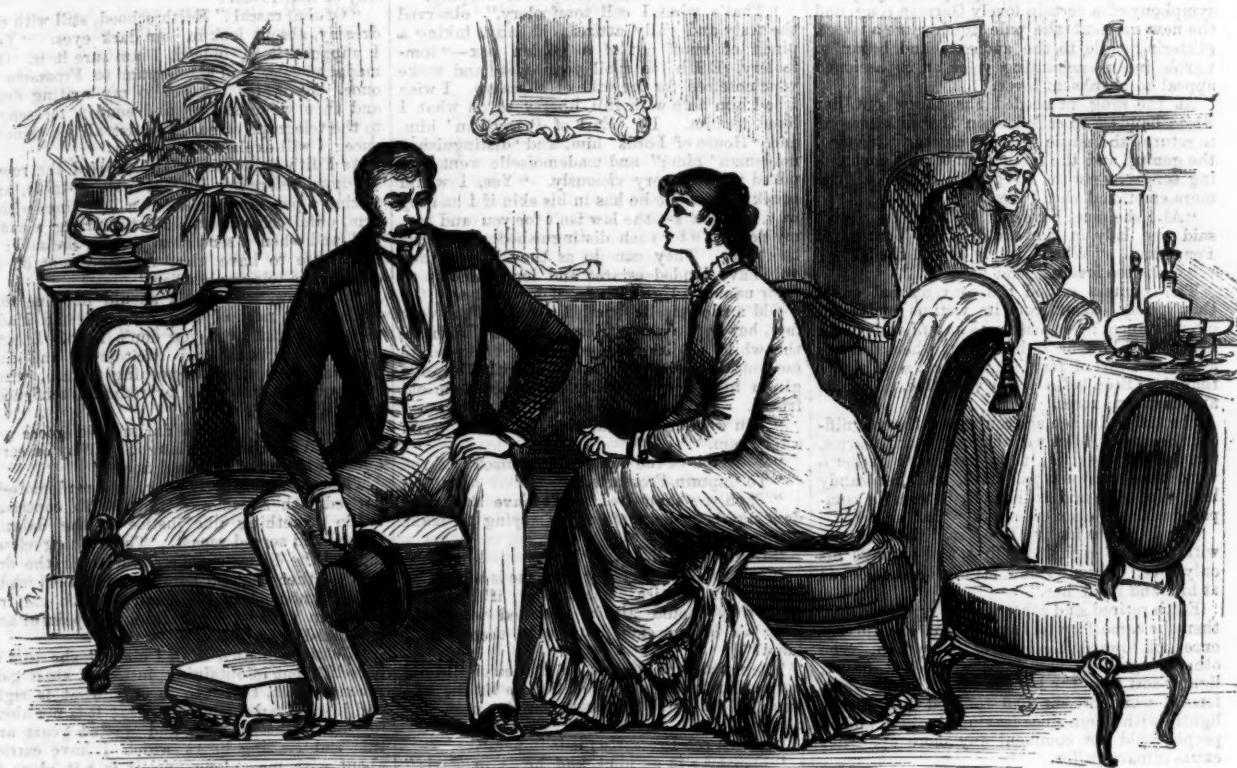
In matters of height the shortest people in the world—not being actually dwarfs—are the Hottentots, the average height, in millimetres, being 1·287. Then follows the Japanese at 1·569, the Jews 1·599, the Australians 1·617, the Slavs 1·671, the Northern Chinese 1·675, the Kaffirs 1·753, and the Maoris 1·757. These figures may be instructively compared with recognised European altitudes, which the professor exhibits in a parallel column. The results are curious, and establish uncontestedly the superiority of northern races. The Norwegians are the tallest, but they are not as tall as the Maoris, the average heights being relatively 1·728 and 1·757. The Scotch come next at 1·708, then the Swedes, 1·700, then the English at 1·690, and next follow the Danes 1·685, the Germans 1·680, the French 1·667, the Italians and the Portuguese. It is found that largeness of head is generally in inverse proportion to length of body; not that tall men have little heads so much as that tall races have small heads, the only exceptions being the Patagonians, whose great height is not deformed by insignificant brain.

The variations of nose are more remarkable than those of any other organ which the professor has measured. The Jews and the Patagonians head the list, the average in millimetres being 71; the nearest are the Maoris at 52, and the farthest the Australians at 30, while in breadth of nostril the list must be read upside down; it commences with the Australians at 52, and ends with the Jews at 34. For torso and breadth of chest the American Indians surpass all other people, while it is recorded of the Africans, and especially of the Congo negroes, that the relative proportion between length of arm and length of leg is in their case completely inverted.

MOSS ON GRASS LAWNS.

It is generally thought that a damp, undrained bottom is the cause of moss on grass lawns, but by some it is regarded as proceeding in a great measure from poverty of the soil, for where grass grows freely this parasite is rarely if ever found. To effect a riddance of this pest there is nothing equal to fresh-slaked lime and wood ashes mixed—so writes a correspondent in "Land and Water"—which, he states, not only kill it and cause it to be shrivelled up, but have a most beneficial result on the lawn by stimulating the natural herbage. Where this is really poor and needs assistance I would strongly recommend the use of both the above named, together with the addition of soot and finely-sifted soil, which mixture is far better than guano, nitrate of soda, or other patent manures, that force too much growth for a time, only to be succeeded by increased exhaustion soon after. The first proceeding, however, to cure a mossy grass path should be to scarify it well over with an iron toothed-rake, followed by a good sweeping after with partly used-up brooms, which will make way for seeds to be sown, and these should be worked in by using the rake as before. This done, the soil mentioned and the ingredients with it will then come in for affording an additional covering, under which it will germinate, and, once through, make rapid progress.

The Earl of Beaconsfield has declined the gold laurel wreath got up by Mr. Turnerelli.



THE
MYSTERY OF HIS LOVE;
OR,
WHO MARRIED THEM?

By the Author of "*Christine's Revenge; or, O'Hara's Wife.*"

CHAPTER XXIII.

AT THE OPERA.

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to us once more.

EDITH CHANTRY, she who was made the lawful wife of Alfred Lord Anerly in the church of St. Ann, in the village of Ullamere, Cumberland, whose marriage lines had been torn out of the church book by cruel, sacrilegious hands; a Lady Anerly whose lord had disowned her to her face; a Lady Anerly who could not prove herself to be anybody but a Miss Chantry, an orphan, the mother of a lost child.

Ah! What a bitter fate had hers been in the days of her stormy youth! Now the world bowed down to her, the art world, that is, for she had sung before kings and princes and emperors in all the Courts of Europe. Her voice, always of superb quality, had been brought to perfection by three years' training at the German Music School, and soon after that she had obtained an engagement to sing a solo in a concert given before the Emperor of Austria at Vienna.

One thing led to another. Soon she became highly popular. As years went on her fame increased. She never would sing in opera during the first years of her success, only at Grand

[A STRANGE REVELATION.]

concerts or at private ones given at the houses of the great, or in grand cathedral services on great occasions.

But at last she had yielded to the solicitations of the manager of the great Opera House at Milan, and had accepted the part of Norma; and then the full force of her dramatic genius made itself felt. During all these long years she had refused every invitation to appear in England. The country of her birth was so connected with agonising recollections that she would not set her foot upon its shores.

It was not that Edith made any resolution not to do so, but she shrank from the idea, and so, with one excuse or another, postponed her visit to London; and now, at last, after sixteen years of absence she returned to the country which had been cold and inhospitable towards her in her youth and her poverty, a rich woman, for Edith owned a fine estate in Italy, a villa filled with the choicest treasures of art and many thousand pounds vested in the English funds, all these the fruits of her genius. She was courted, she was honoured. The world ever courts success, and as the world's favourite she had larger opportunities of studying human nature than when she had been that same world's football, which any passer-by might spurn with his or her foot. This was a woman against whose fair name not one word charging her with levity could be written. Her life was blameless and pure, but rumour and curiosity were busy with her past, and all sorts of absurd stories were told of her.

None of them dared to arraign her character even in her past. She was a widow? Yes, or she believed that she was one. Anyhow she must have deeply loved the dead husband of her youth, for she most steadily refused the most advantageous offers of marriage. As for love, the love of lovers, her heart was shut against it.

Towards all that suffered, the poor, the sick, the young, the aged, she was charitable and kind. She had for a chaperone a singular, testy old lady whom she had met in her travels, a

certain Mademoiselle Patini, an Italian Swiss, who spoke English well, her mother having been of our nation.

Mademoiselle was an admirable artist and caricaturist, she was a severe, uncompromising old dame, liked by few, feared by most, hated by many. And now Edith has splendid rooms at the Langham, and is engaged to sing during the London opera season in three of the great roles.

She is called Madame Donnetta, and she is looking straight into the eyes of the Right Honourable the Earl of Penrythan. As she looked the colour flooded her pale cheeks, then the crimson tide swept back to her heart, and her pallor was ghastly; her great dark eyes flashed.

There sat the Earl of Penrythan as if spell-bound, returning her look with one impossible to interpret, save by one who really had the key to "The Mystery of His Love." Grace, Countess of Penrythan, had not the key, and thus her lord's face was to her a dark riddle, an inscrutable problem.

Love! Had he truly loved—did he still love—Edith Chantry? He had never known until this moment that Donnetta, the famous singer, and the ill-fated Edith were one and the same; and now, when his eyes met hers, they read the secret thought of her soul. For a moment admiration of the superb matured beauty of the woman had made his eyes shine with lights which were not of the kind to please the gentle, long-suffering wife at his side; and then had come another expression.

At first it was an assumed mask of hardihood, anon it intensified into defiance and an intense wrathfulness such as Grace, the Countess, had seldom seen on the face of her lord and master during the sixteen years of their married life. Certainly, one would hardly have guessed that those two had once been tender and impassioned lovers, to mark the strange way in which they glared at each other.

All this has taken long to write, but the looks exchanged between Alfred, Earl of Penrythan,

July 26, 1879.

and Donnetta, the singer, did not occupy more time than it took the accompanist to play the symphony of a certain lovely German song, and the next moment the pale Edith gave a sweet, glittering smile to the audience and began to warble in an enchanting voice an impassioned appeal to an absent lover.

As the song proceeded she threw out her white hands, and called upon the faithless one to return: the music of the composer, the voice, the genius, and the fascination of this enchanting songstress were all grand. Some of the more emotional shed tears.

"Ah! she must have felt to sing like that," said one lady in the ear of the Countess of Penrythan. "What a lovely person she is."

"Quite too lovely," said another.

The countess smiled the conventional smile that society exacts from its victims under all circumstances; her heart was as full of love for her selfish lord as it had been when she was a love-sick girl of fourteen, and had sent him, a thankless Eton lad, a pretty valentine, all hearts and darts and roses.

She suffered when she contrasted the magnificent beauty of Edith with her own spare charms, for the countess was thin, pale, with rather a worn though sweet pale face, and her sandy hair was, she said to herself, detectable compared with the ebon tresses of "that singer."

"And she was his first love," said the countess, with a stifled sigh, "his first, and perhaps his only love. But ah! how strangely she looked at him and he at her."

Edith retired, and other singers appeared, and then she came forward again; but she did not once look towards the Earl of Penrythan. The other songs that she sang were of a gayer, lighter sort than the last; her flexible voice performed wonders; she had touched her cheeks lightly with rouge since leaving the hall, and so people could not comment any more upon her extraordinary pallor.

She was mistress now of the necessary art to those who would please the public and the world in general of concealing whatever pain and sorrow she might feel under a mask of smiles, and she sang the roulades and the gay chansonettes from a noted French opera with such vivacity that the audience, who had been ready before to shed tears, now beamed with smiles; and thus the great concert came to a close.

Edith was enveloped by her maid in a large Cashmere shawl, and a carriage came and took her away at once to the Langham, where an early dinner and Mademoiselle Patini awaited her. When she entered the great handsome room she flung her Cashmere upon a couch, then rushed towards mademoiselle, a rosy-cheeked silver-haired old lady who affected the gayest and most extraordinary style of dress.

She wore a dress of light blue silk, embroidered with a border of pink and yellow flowers, a waist band fastened by a large silver buckle, a silver chain and locket, enormous earrings of the same, and perched on her head the strangest structure in the shape of a white lace cap, with a stuffed bird of gay plumage nestled among flowers and leaves. Mademoiselle was short in stature, thin, wiry, and active.

"Mademoiselle," said Edith, "I have heard something, I—I—know now something. Ah! believe me, I shall prove myself Countess of Penrythan yet—empty honour, when the heart that loved me is cold."

She paused abruptly, and was rushing towards the bell-handle. Odd old mademoiselle stopped her.

"Not while you have that most excited face. You are going to do something mad and rash. I knew how it would be if you once saw the face of that villain again, upset of course, and ill; and he repentant, I suppose. Willing to take up the lost certificate, et cetera; but only tell me what is to become of his present countess? Ay, and what's to become of him if he owns himself a bigamist? I hope they will give him five years' imprisonment with hard labour, that's what he deserves."

Edith was walking up and down the room in the greatest agitation. All at once she sank

upon a couch, covered her face with her hands, and burst into a violent tempest of weeping.

"That's what I call tomfoolery," observed the testy and gaily attired old lady, taking a pinch of snuff out of a golden box—"tomfoolery. Edith, to spoil your eyes and make your nose red for the sake of a scamp. I wish I had him here with full liberty to do what I liked to him. I'd 'Earl of Penrythan' him, and 'House of Lords' him, and 'distinguished nobleman' him;" and mademoiselle went and poked the fire very viciously. "Yes, I would break every bone he has in his skin if I had my way, but you see the law isn't for you and me, my dear, it's for such distinguished scamps as this man. They can do as they like if they only have landed estates and long handles to their names! Ugh! I hate such wretches."

Old mademoiselle hustled about, talked very fast, but kept a very strict watch on Edith all the while. Edith presently raised her white face out of her hands and looked with a strange gloom in her eyes at her most eccentric old friend.

"You would not let me ring. I want to send a telegram."

"To whom in the name of nonsense?"

"To Captain Frossarte."

"Then you shan't. I won't have that man dancing about here after you trying to make you care for him."

"He does not."

"Aye, well, he cares for you; he is a lunatic; all men are lunatics. I hate men; if I had my way, they should all be drowned wholesale. The sea is big enough to take them all, I hope?"

The murderous designs of mademoiselle did not appear to excite any emotion in Edith, who was used to her. She went on the next moment:

"I must see Frossarte; it is imperative."

"Frossarte is an idiot, and he is in Paris," said mademoiselle.

"He is in Paris," said Edith, "and he will come here: he is not there on business; one place is the same as another to him. Oh, Alfred, Alfred, my husband!"

The last words in a whisper, but old mademoiselle's sharp ears caught them nevertheless.

"Your husband? Yes, but all you can do you can't prove it. I wish you could with all my heart, if it was only just to send that fellow to Dartmoor for a time. As for you ever being happy with him again, never think of it."

"Never think of it—never, never!" cried Edith, bitterly; "the past is dead. Oh, that wrongs could be righted; oh, that the wronged could be avenged; but there is no proof—no proof! Oh, this is an offence that smells to Heaven!"

"Quote Shakespeare as much as you like, my love," said old mademoiselle, with a grim smile; "he is always sensible, though to be sure he does not always use ladylike expressions."

"Oh, Patini, you will be my death!" cried Edith. "I am obliged to laugh when my soul is racked and my heart ready to burst and my brain on fire. Fancy Shakespeare ladylike. Don't be absurd, Patini, please; but you shall know more of this, only you are so excitable, and I am afraid to trust you. Send for Frossarte, do; he has more sense than you and I have put together," said Edith.

"If it wasn't wicked, but it is wicked, mind, I should like to see you married to Captain Frossarte. He is an idiot, of course, all men are idiots, but he is a tractable man."

Edith sat still, with a strange, absent look in her great dark eyes. She allowed old mademoiselle Patini to babble on in the nonsensical strain which she usually assumed when "put out" or excited. The odd old lady was thoroughly unselfish, devotedly attached to Edith, and despite the outrageous absurdities to which she gave utterance at times, she was in reality gifted with a sound stock of common sense.

"We will send to Frossarte," she said, "since you seem to wish it. Perhaps he may give you some help; but why in the world you should want help is what I can't make out. Is

it not your duty and wisdom to keep out of the way of that rascal?"

"Of that rascal!" Edith echoed, still with the dreamy, absent look in her dark eyes. "Yes, I suppose it is, indeed, I am sure it is. Oh, mademoiselle, send a telegram to Frossarte at once. Here, let me get to my writing desk, and then we must ring and send a messenger to the telegraph office. It must all be done at once; I will explain afterwards."

As Edith spoke, she arose, crossed the room, sat down before her elegant writing-table, and seizing a pen she dashed off a few lines with a firm, unfaltering hand. Next she rang a hand-bell, and when a servant appeared, she said:

"Please to have that message sent off at once to the telegraph office."

"And now, my dear, I should imagine that you stood in need of some dinner," said Mademoiselle Patini; "if you don't, I do, I can't live on telegrams and excitement and day-dreams about good-for-nothing scamps, whatever you with your superior, romantic tendencies may do."

"Oh, Patini, what a darling old goose you are," said Edith with a laugh. "Why on earth did you not order up the dinner?"

This was accordingly done, and mademoiselle noticed with satisfaction that Edith contrived to do something like justice to the daintily cooked and served repast. The evening closed in, and the ladies sat for a while over the fire. The weather was still damp, and still old mademoiselle nodded in her chair. Edith half reclined in an easy chair thinking painful and perplexed thoughts.

"Justice—justice is all I crave," she said to herself, "but in obtaining justice I shall gain revenge. Oh, I wish to do only what is right and just. Heaven is my witness; it is not alone for my blighted youth and wasted years and this sad craving heart which I have carried about with me so long—no, it is not alone to avenge these wrongs and sorrows that I seek—there is my child's blood lying at his door. Oh, my child! how I mourned for you, my little one, in the silent night watches for years and years, but of late I have had a horrible feeling that you are alive and suffering, perhaps degraded, possibly now in the springtime of your youth even sin stained. Heaven forbid! It were better that the waves had indeed carried you away than that you should have lived to grow into a degraded girl. Oh, what a conviction I have that one day sooner or later I shall meet you, find you in the lowest walks of life, ragged, ignorant, hardened, with no love for me—how should you have love for me?—and possibly you are beautiful, and your beauty may have proved your snare. Strange what a wild, deep longing I have to clasp my arms about you, whatever you are, to take you to my breast, though you be vulgar, ignorant and degraded, to train you in the right path, to elevate you, make you happy. Pray Heaven it may not be too late, but I am sure you are alive, and I am sure I shall find you sooner or later."

Thus Edith mused. Her soul was full of eager thought, but she lay back calmly in the chair, her eyes fixed on the fire, and slept. Edith had been fatigued by the work of the day, the concert, and her preparations and practice for it in the morning. She had been up early, and had copied off some precious old manuscript which had been lent to her by a great composer. Then she had sung at her instrument for more than an hour. She had been for a brisk walk in the Regent's Park; she had returned, taken a little refreshment, dressed, and driven to the concert.

It will be seen that her life was a full and a busy one. She had little time to devote to morbid regrets, but all the same her soul was a romantic one. Her heart was impassioned; she was given to dreams and reveries, and now as she sat in the firelight—for the had turned the lamps down low for the benefit of old mademoiselle—a vision passed before her. All the world cried out afterwards that it was a dream, but as long as she lives Edith will be convinced that what she saw was a revelation from the unseen—a mysterious casting aside of

time and space—something for which we cannot account by scientific rule or any doctrine of cause and effect. She always related the story of her dream (though she never would admit that it was a dream) in the following manner: She sat looking into the fire musing still on her lost child, and then she raised her eyes languidly, looking down the length of the apartment, and expecting that she would presently see the door open and the man enter with the coffee. Old Mademoiselle was always very particular about her coffee and rusk biscuits at ten o'clock, and Edith did see the door open, but instead of the servantman with lights and the cheerful jingle of china and the fragrant odour of coffee, she saw a tall man enter; the moment she saw this figure her heart first sank, and then leaped wildly in her breast. The man walked noiselessly over the room, and stood then between her and the fire close to her, so that by stretching out her hand she could have touched him; and she knew by the wild throbbing of her heart that he who stood before her was her husband with whom she had stood hand clasped in hand at the holy altar in the little country church in the Cumberland village when "they twain were made one flesh." She could not see his face, for he stood with his back to the fire, and the lamps burnt dim, but she felt his presence in every fibre of her frame, and at last she spoke.

"Alfred, you know that I am your own lawful wife before men and angels. Speak, answer me!"

And he answered her.

"Edith, the one love of my life, my wife, my wife!"

He spread out his arms, and Edith, forgetting the anguish and wrongs and deadly separation of the past years, sprang towards him with a glad cry. She stood upon her feet, and, behold! there burnt the fire, deep, red, glowing, flameless, but her husband was gone.

So strong was her conviction that he had been there, so certain did she feel that she had heard his voice, that she called out aloud, "Alfred! Alfred!" and went round the room in search of him, and then, when old Mademoiselle awoke and rubbed her eyes and asked what was the matter, Edith turned on the gas full and bright, and looked all round with wide startled eyes.

"Somebody has been here she said, speaking, in deep excitement; and then she rang the bell violently and questioned the servant who appeared.

"Had anybody asked for her? Had any visitor called?"

"None," the man answered.

"But somebody has been here, in this room, an old—friend. He spoke to me, and then the gas was turned down, and he is gone."

The man was not much astonished. He thought in his own heart, if he thought at all about what did not concern him, that some acquaintance of Madame Donetta had come hastily into the huge house, and knowing his way to her apartments, had rushed in for a moment, finding them dimly lighted, and being in a hurry, he had hastened out again. "The gas was turned down, madame," said the man, civilly, and as if that answered all questions.

Afterwards, as she sat over the coffee with Patini, Edith told her what had happened.

"It was a dream, my dear," said the old lady.

"It was not a dream," Edith said. "I heard his voice answering me. I stood up, and he was gone."

"You had been fatigued, my dear, and over excited, and it was a dream," said Mademoiselle Patini; but if I thought it was not—if I thought that that scoundrel earl had come here to distress and disturb you—I would give him up to the authorities. I would have him imprisoned for twelve calendar months with hard labour."

"Don't talk nonsense, please, to-night, Patini, I can't bear it," said Edith. "I tell you that Alfred, my husband, stood here and acknowledged me as his wife, his love, his own."

"Then he is a far worse scamp than even I

took him for," said old mademoiselle. "How you can give the wretch a single thought is more than I can understand."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Unseen though not unfelt that child
Has still a mother's love.

Two days are passed. Edith is as firmly convinced as at the first moment that her husband was with her for a few seconds on that night in the dim light, but she has not mentioned the subject since. On the Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday in the following week her name is announced as being about to sing in a new opera called "La Marquise," and her time is fully occupied in preparing her role. Nobody would guess the strange, wild, eager thoughts that fill the mind of the beautiful English prima donna. She receives all sorts of callers courteously. She is gay and cheerful in manner; her smile is charming, but all the while a vulture is tearing at her heart.

The deep mystery of his love is being in some measure cleared up for her. She hears a voice in her ears during the din and glare of the day, and in the silent night watches—a voice which tells her that soon she shall appear before the world as Edith, Countess of Penrythan, that the marriage in the remote hill village shall be acknowledged before all the world!

It was again night. The dessert was on the table, the gas was turned down, as was always the custom of Edith between the time of dessert and coffee in order that old mademoiselle might enjoy a quiet doze.

"Will he come again?" she asked herself.

Afterwards in the times that came she used to say that the strange conviction which she had at this time that it was the real living presence of her husband which had entered the room was as strong as her belief in her own existence, and she used to sit in the dim light watching the door and expecting that the tall form would again glide in and stand before her and utter those words still sweet in her ears as the lark's first note is sweet in the ears of those who long and listen for the coming springtime.

On this especial evening of which we write, Edith sat and watched much as a superstitious country girl may have sat and watched by the firelight in a farmhouse kitchen awaiting the arrival of a phantom love on the eve of All Hallows.

And the handle did turn, and the door fell back, and there advanced swiftly and silently the form of a tall man, but this time two hands were held towards Edith, and a hearty voice greeted her in whispers, for she pointed to the form of the sleeping old lady.

"I came as soon as your telegram reached me. You knew I would come."

Edith was looking into the face of Captain Frossarte, graver, darker than of yore, but noble, kindly, benevolent, a face to trust as one trusts heaven, knowing that however appearances may seem to prove the contrary, only goodness and kindness are the motive springs of his actions.

"Captain Frossarte, I sang at St. James's Hall at a concert last Thursday, and I knew that the Earl of Penrythan with his countess had taken seats in the second row of stalls for the first time since, sixteen years ago, he disowned me at Penrythan Castle—the night—the dreadful night—ah, Captain Frossarte, he and I looked into each other's eyes!"

Edith covered her own eyes with both her hands, and she rocked herself backwards and forwards in a passion of wild, excited feeling which quite astonished her friend Frossarte.

"Bear with me," she said, "for a little while, consider how I have been the servant of the world and of the public for years; think of the mask I have to wear; how this mouth which has quivered in anguish, these lips which have writhed in scorn at the cruelty and falsehood of him whom I trusted, and at the hardness of the

world; how these lips have been tortured into wearing the false, conventional smile of the artiste and the woman of the world. Oh! let me give way to my feelings as an outraged woman for a little moment. Often in the night I have torn my hair out by the roots and paced my room like a caged tigress, and that because my sufferings were so bitter, so intense, and I was forced not only to appear calm, but cheerful—cheerful, mind you, in the world. This deadly wrong that had been done to me was crowned meanwhile with success. The wronger is a great man, honoured by all; he speaks in the Upper House. They say that if he chose to give up his theatres and his actresses and his fanciful love of pictures and artists and gay, general Bohemianism, he might be in the Cabinet. Oh, I have gathered together every scrap of evidence, all the hearsay gossip concerning him for years and years, but I kept away from England. I never had the courage to look into his face until last Thursday at that morning concert. Now listen to what I have to tell you, walls have ears. The loud winds of spring might carry this secret to the ears of the Earl of Penrythan and Grace his countess, so, Captain Frossarte, stoop low, let me whisper this terrible tale into your ear, then tell me how to act!"

Captain Frossarte bent his tall form and placed his ear close to the lips of Edith, and she whispered into it a few emphatic words. He did not exclaim, but she felt him give a great start.

We have said that the lamps were turned down, and the flickering firelight did not reveal the pallor of Frossarte's face nor the look of horror and perplexity in his eyes. He stood up again and crossed over to the window and looked out upon the busy life of the great town by lamplight, and it was some moments before he spoke.

While Edith in her splendid apartment in the Langham was deep in the discussion of the mystery of her husband's conduct with her friend Frossarte, Lilius, her child, for we know, though Edith and Lilius do not, that they are mother and child—Lilius is suffering a life of torture in a cruel prison-house.

We left her in a cab in the avenue leading to a very secluded house near Hendon, on each of her slender shoulders was fixed a strong hand of the brutal woman who had decoyed her away, and the savage face of this fury was looking into her own.

Lilius saw at once to whom she owed this cruel capture. Only Lady Overbury could be at the bottom of this infamous plot—Lady Overbury, who hated her as a rival, who dreaded her perhaps instinctively, and who would gladly have taken her life long ago had that been possible.

Lilius was too young and too ignorant of the world to take much comfort from the thought that this capture was quite illegal, indeed, she may be forgiven for supposing that the rich can do as they please with the poor, and that the laws are only made to protect the former and to oppress the latter.

"Escape—how can I escape?" was the first idea that leaped into her mind, and the question was answered by a resolve, "I must escape, I will."

Outwardly she was pale and tolerably calm after her first burst of terror, for she saw that this woman was one who knew neither pity nor justice, a machine who acted for those who paid her the best, and with naturally brutal and cruel instincts besides.

The cab stopped before a square white house, with melancholy green outside shutters to nearly all the windows. Most of these were closed, so that the house had a blind, sinister look; in front was a gravel path, wide enough to admit of several carriages, and a large plantation of shrubs of the harder sort, laurels and hollies and dwarf firs, nothing could have been more gloomy.

The cabman descended and rang a bell, and immediately the hall-door was opened by a

woman in the uniform of a prison or house of correction, a blue cotton dress, a holland apron, an ugly white cap. She had two enormous keys in her hand.

The strong woman who had captured Lilius now forced her to descend, and to enter the house. The hall was flagged with square, white stones; the walls were stained of a dull grey; the chairs and tables were of light, unpolished wood. Nothing could have looked colder or more comfortless.

Lilius looked around in dismay. The staircase went up with a grand curve and sweep, but it was, though of white stone, carpetless, and it looked as terrible to Lilius as though it led to some court of so-called justice, where she would presently be condemned to death on being found guilty of poverty and good looks, for Lilius had learned to know that she was fair to look upon, and that some women hated her, for that fact Holdsworth had opened her eyes to the existence of several grim truths since she had made the acquaintance of that worthy, but very eccentric artist.

"You go up there," said the woman who had decoyed Lilius, giving her a savage push. "You are number fifteen; that's your name for the next seven years, mind, and if you speak till you are spoken to it will be the worse for you."

So Lilius was driven up the wide, cold staircase by the strong female savage, and she mounted, thus driven, to the first floor, where a large cold landing, sparingly laid with Indian matting, was surrounded with grey walls, in which were seven doors, pale drab in colour. The woman laid her brutal hand heavily on the shoulder of Lilius, so heavily that the poor child winced with the pain, and then she opened a door and pushed her in before her.

Lilius found herself in a large room, scantly but neatly furnished. There was a carpet of pale neutral tints, a few chairs of light, cheap wood, with cane seats; couple of sofas, covered with ugly dark chintz. A fire burnt in the grate. About twenty girls in the uniform worn by the woman who had opened the door sat sewing; they were placed in two rows on two long forms.

Not one ventured to raise her eyes when the woman and Lilius entered. Two women, ladies, perhaps, would be the more courteous word to use, stood before a large table cutting and measuring flannels and long cloth to be made into garments like those upon which the young women were employed.

These ladies were dressed in something the same fashion as the girls, only their caps had bows of coloured ribbon; their dresses were of fine black Cashmere; their aprons were of delicate muslin, and they wore dainty muslin ruffs round their throats. They were both ladies past middle age. Lilius looked into both their faces, hoping to read pity there, but though there was nothing either cruel or savage in the countenances of these persons, still there was nothing of the power that reads human nature, nothing of the pitiful gentleness of the philanthropist, nothing of that great sympathy with humanity which a man or a woman must possess, at least in some measure, before they can go out of the beaten track to discover the light which is often hidden under a bushel in this strange world of suffering, oppression, charity, goodness, wickedness, pleasure and pain.

No, these ladies were eminently business-like, official to the back-bone, and anxious to do their duty officially as far as it lay in their power. Neither of them had one ounce of penetration.

"This is the girl, Miss Saunders," said the brutal woman, in a whining tone, and she still kept a firm clutch on the shoulder of Lilius. "She is the most insolent jade. I had such work with her."

Lilius raised her great tearful black eyes to the cold, white face of Miss Jane Saunders.

"Do tell me, madame, what I have done; my father will die!"

"Silence!" said Miss Saunders. "You are not allowed to speak unless spoken to, that is the rule. Your name—what is your name?"

"Lilius Martin."

"Always these fine names for girls like these," said Miss Saunders, with the ghost of a smile on her thin lips.

She had a book before her now which she had taken from a shelf, and also a pen and an inkstand. She sat down at a side table and made some entries. Lilius watched her with a beating heart. The glaring injustice of the whole proceeding roused her wrath. She was naturally gentle, but if she had had the strength she would have liked to cast the cruel wretch who still clutched at her shoulder to the ground, and to have denounced this same whole proceeding as shameful and wicked, which, in truth, it was. At last Miss Saunders looked up.

"You will drop your outside name here, girl," she said, "and you will be known by the number of your cell, number fifteen. I will read over an account of the case as it stands. Lady Overbury, of Mountjoy Park, Kent, and 19, Cavendish Square, W., has lately become a liberal patroness of this institution. You have been in her service as third housemaid, and you have on three occasions stolen rings which have been found in your possession. She has not given you up to justice, as she might have done, because upon each occasion when a new theft was discovered you promised reformation; but last week you went away, taking with you a valuable gold chain. Her ladyship was then resolved to send you here, which she has a right to do since you are under age and she has supported you for years, and thus she stands in the light of your natural guardian. She therefore followed you up, found that you went daily to the house of a nobleman noted for his profligacy, there to have your portrait taken. She therefore sends her maid, Miss Wills, to take you either by force or by persuasion, and to bring you to St. Mary's Penitentiary. Her ladyship wishes us to detain you here at her expense until you attain the age of twenty-one. You are to undergo the same discipline as the others."

"But every word of that is false, false, false! I have never been a servant to Lady Overbury. Oh, madame, inquire into it, you will find that I am right."

"Silence! If number fifteen gives way to these bursts of temper she must be put on bread and water diet in the dark!"

"She is of a most outrageous disposition," said Miss Wills, whose clutch was still on the shoulder of Lilius; "I wonder my lady did not send her before the magistrates long ago, that was what she deserved and still deserves," she continued. "See how finely she is dressed; she has, I believe, so far escaped all mischief in regard to her character as a merely respectable girl, but she is a confirmed thief, a vile, wicked temper, and will need the very strictest discipline that St. Mary's Penitentiary School affords!"

"She shall be dealt with exactly as her ladyship requests," said Miss Saunders, with the shadow of a grim smile hovering about the corners of her thin lips.

In that lady's desk was a very nice cheque for the handsome sum of three hundred pounds which Laurette, Lady Overbury had presented to St. Mary's Penitentiary School, and that sum was in the eyes of the business-like lady a guarantee for all the virtues.

Living the narrow life she had lived now for five and twenty years within the four walls of her institution, she knew literally nothing of the vast world moving beyond the iron gates of that very gloomy prison-house. She most thoroughly and honestly believed that Lady Overbury was a virtuous matron, who had the good of a depraved young servant at heart.

A letter from so rich and liberal a patroness requesting the authorities to take in hand the reformation of a young servant whom she did not like to prosecute, met with the perfect approval of the Ladies Committee to whom Miss Saunders submitted it. Lilius had been expected at St. Mary's for several days before Wills, the infamous agent of the still more infamous Laurette, was able to carry out her abominable scheme.

Three hundred pounds was not more to Lady

Overbury than three pounds are to respectable people. Her husband was old, gouty, devoted to her, enormously rich, and willing to lavish thousands on her whims. She asked him casually for a cheque for an extra five hundred pounds, and she did not mind paying three down, since by that means she expected to shut her supposed rival up in prison for the space of four or five years; and now began a life of trial and hardship for Lilius, compared with which all her former trials, cheered by the affection of her friends as she had been during the time, seemed puny and insignificant.

Her new dress shawl and bonnet were taken from her, and she was obliged to wear the dress of the institution, coarse, blue-striped cotton and holland apron and white mob cap. She slept on a straw pallet on the floor in a narrow cell lighted from the roof, she was called at four, and then her day's labour began. Since so bad a character had been sent with her she was put to the roughest, coarsest work, to clean the stones, scrub the floors, and clean the kitchen utensils.

Her food was of the coarsest. She was not allowed to exchange a single word with one of her fellow prisoners. If she attempted to declare that she was detained on a false charge she was told that she would speedily be punished with solitary confinement, handcuffs, and bread-and-water diet if she dared to open her lips. "Official" was written on every face in the establishment. Even the young girls had stony eyes and lips, rigid and smileless.

But all this while the will of Lilius stirred within her, and she made up her mind that if it cost her her life she would escape. Thus she watched day and night for a chance. Ah! if one might come; but the grounds of St. Mary's were surrounded by high walls, on the summit of which was cruelly placed broken glass. A descent on the other side would be impossible without breaking her leg, the height from the ground was so great. Nevertheless Lilius had resolved with a great resolve.

If ever she slept she always now had one dream; it was that a woman, with veiled face and bowed head, was for ever pacing round the outer walls of St. Mary's Penitentiary, waiting for the moment when she should escape, and she believed that this woman was her long-lost mother. She never fell asleep that she did not hear the voice of this woman sobbing and wailing and calling out piteously.

"Lilius! My child! My child!"

"I know that if I were to escape from this dreadful place that I shall find my mother," Lilius said to herself, one night when she was locked into her cell.

She fell asleep as usual, and dreamed the same dream, but, after a while—how was this? She heard other voices, other cries, louder and more loud, so that at last the tumult awoke her, and then a dreadful din was in her ears. She heard the loud and terrific screams of the inmates of St. Mary's; she felt the air hot and oppressive, and she heard a cry, "Fire! fire!" resound on all sides.

Then Lilius tried the door of her cell, it ruthlessly resisted her efforts. She was locked in, the house was on fire, and her agonised voice was unheard, her friendless self forgotten, amid the horror and confusion of the uproar.

(To be Continued.)

We hear of a young man who left off smoking, and in five years he was worth £2,000. N.B.—It was left to him by an uncle.

The last instance of originality in a marriage announcement is the following:—"No cards, no cake, no fuss."

By a sad coincidence, the very day the Prince Imperial fell under the assegais of the Zulus, M. Filon, his old preceptor, underwent the horrible operation of trepanning in Paris. The next day he became blind, and is now in such a dangerous state that the death of his favourite pupil cannot be broken to him.

HOW FRANKLIN WAS CURED.

SOMEBODY has brought out the following interesting reminiscence: When Benjamin Franklin was a lad he began to study philosophy, and soon became fond of applying technical names to common objects. One evening, when he had mentioned to his father that he had swallowed some acephalous molluscs, the old man was much alarmed, and suddenly seizing him, called loudly for help. Mrs. Franklin came with warm water, and the hired man rushed in with the garden pump. They forced half a gallon down Benjamin's throat, then held him by the heels over the edge of the porch, and shook him, while the old man said:

"If we don't get them things out of Benny he will be pizened sure!"

When they were out, and Benjamin explained that the articles referred to were oysters, his father fondled him for an hour with a trunk-strap for scaring the family. Ever afterward Franklin's language was marvellously simple and explicit.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

He married a princess who was almost a shepherdess. She lived in the mountains with her sisters and an old bonhomie of a father, a kind of country gentleman, who dressed himself in coarse cloth, and his daughters in wool. She had not been brought up for the throne, and it was one of her sisters that they destined for the youthful emperor. Francis Joseph arrived one evening in hunting-dress at his future father-in-law's, on the banks of the Lake of Traun. As he was chatting before the house with the four young girls—who have since become, one the Queen of Naples, another the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, a third the Countess of Trahi, and the fourth the Duchess d'Alencon—of a sudden he saw detach itself on the skirts of a neighbouring wood, that the setting sun was streaking in red and yellow, like stained glass in the windows of a church, the admirable form of a young girl all in white, followed by an enormous dog.

The sun set her dress a sparkling in a thousand points of light, and she came forward in the halo of an apparition, her magnificent hair streaming over her shoulders. It was the Princess Elizabeth; at sight of her the heart of the emperor felt itself fixed. Some days afterward, at a ball at Ischl, he passed almost all the evening in dancing with the lady he called "the fairy of the forest," and so he marked his preference publicly.

THE COST OF CORA'S LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Clytie Cranbourne," "The Golden Bowl,"
"Poor Loo," "Bound to the Travel,"
"Fringed with Fire," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

WAITING TO SPEAK.

And had he not long rend
The heart's hushed secret in the soft dark eye
Lighted at his approach, and on the cheek
Colouring all crimson at his lightest look?

It was not yet noon when Walter Smith knocked at the door of Lamorna Castle and was shown by the footman to the library, which he was supposed at all times to be free to enter.

He did not ask for any member of the family; he felt strangely awkward and shy, and the pleasure of being under the same roof with

Cora Lyster, even though he did not see her, was for the time enough for him.

So he entered the library, took down from the shelves a rare old book, seated himself near one of the open windows that would lead out to the garden, and began to read. Tried to read, I should rather say, for his eyes kept wandering from the page, and even when fixed upon it, his mind refused to grasp the meaning of the words which were before him.

Then he would fall off into a day dream, from which he roused himself from time to time with a start, feeling as guilty as though he had done something really wrong, and repressing with difficulty a desire to instantly run away from the spot which had become so dangerously fascinating, and that threatened to be so fatal to his peace and happiness.

An interruption came at last. A voice, the sound of which made his heart leap, came from the garden. The speaker was talking to Miss Ladbrooke and to big Nell and to four boisterous mastiff pups, who had not yet learnt to behave with the dignified and stately gravity that characterised their mother.

A second or two later and the party appeared before the library windows, and Cora Lyster gave a start of surprise, while the tell-tale blood mounted swiftly to her cheek as she said:

"Oh, Mr. Smith, I didn't know you were here."

"I have been trying to read, and have not been very successful in the attempt," he replied, taking the hand she extended to him. "I hope you are quite recovered from the fatigue of yesterday."

"Oh, yes, thank you," and again the colour deepened on her face; "I am quite well to-day. Have you seen auntie or papa?"

"No, I have not asked for anyone. Good-morning, Miss Ladbrooke. I need not ask how you are. Well, Nell, what is it? What do you want to tell me?"

For the mastiff, never very demonstrative to anyone but her mistress, broke through her usual rule to show a very marked regard for Walter, and persisted in her attentions until they were noticed.

As they were thus talking Lady Bellinda joined them. The peacock drawing-room—so named because the paper, the carpet, the furniture, and all the decorations were designed in imitation of a peacock's plumage—was the next room to the library, and its windows opened upon the same stone terrace leading to the garden, and as this was her ladyship's favourite room, she also had heard the voices, and came to see to whom they belonged.

She greeted the young man kindly enough, spoke with caustic bitterness of the entertainment at the rectory, called it a deplorable failure, and ascribed all its bad features to the mismanagement of Lady Beverly and her daughters. Then she began to talk of the dinner and evening party which was to be given at the castle in the following week, finishing up with the remark:

"Your invitation will reach you to-day, Mr. Smith; of course you and your mother will come?"

"I shall be most happy if I am in this part of the world," was the doubtful reply.

"In this part of the world, why, where are you going? I thought you intended to remain with your mother the whole autumn, and shoot partridges and pheasants with my brother and his friends; what are you talking of going away for? The idea is sudden, isn't it?"

"No," slowly; "not quite. I am not certain that I shall go, though circumstances may make it necessary."

"Umph! I shall expect you to stay for our party; we want all the young men we can get. Miss Ladbrooke, I want you to help me in finishing the invitations, and Cora, you can come too; you'll stay and lunch with us, Mr. Smith?"

"Thank you," was the reply; "can I also help you, or does my sex disqualify me?"

"By no means." And the little old lady led the way back to her favourite room, where on a large writing-table lay a pile of cards and envelopes.

"Now one of you can read over the list of names, another can put the cards in the envelopes, and the third can direct and fasten them up," she said, keeping herself cool with a feather fan, "and I will look on and see that no mistakes are made."

She did so, sitting bolt upright in her straight-backed chair, giving her keen attention to all that was going on and keeping up a running fusilade of comments upon the people whose names were read out and who were to be her guests.

They were still busily occupied in this manner when the marquis came in and joined them, making quite a family party, as he jestingly remarked, and there they remained until the luncheon bell sounded and they went into the dressing-room. Here they found Mr. Latimer, looking even paler than usual.

Some change seemed to have come over him since the previous day. He was less at his ease than usual, more nervous and restless; and something very like a frown settled upon his face when he saw that Walter Smith was not only a guest for the time being, but that he seemed to be on far more cordial terms with the owner of the castle and his family than he—Mr. Latimer—despite his relationship and all his efforts, found himself to be.

The meal passed over pleasantly enough, but Walter found no opportunity for speaking to Cora alone. Indeed, he began to realise that he might have to wait days or even weeks before a girl so guarded and so surrounded by friends, could give him ten minutes of her society alone, were she ever so much inclined to do so, and there was a shrinking timidity about Cora Lyster this morning, which, while it made his heart beat high with hope, yet decreased his chances of bringing about an explanation.

He had promised not to go away until he had spoken to her, however, so there was nothing to be done but resign himself to sleep in this valley of poppies, and forget, for the time, at least, that a terrible awakening could not be far distant.

Day after day passed in this manner. Seldom a morning went by without finding him in the library at the castle; sometimes he stayed to luncheon, sometimes he came away before. Invariably he saw Cora, but she was never alone, and if, when patting big Nell, he could say a few words intended only for the mistress's ear, it was only a murmured complaint at having to wait so long before speaking to her.

But the girl could not help it. She wished to put off the evil day that might take Walter away from her, but had his remaining depended upon her making an appointment with him, she could not have kept it, for she was not like one of a large family, nor had she been accustomed to wander about alone, and only twice in her life had she and big Nell started for a walk without her governess, her father, or someone to accompany her.

The third of August came, and with it an influx of visitors to the castle. It wanted but two days now to the party for which invitations had been issued, and Walter looked forward to it as the best time for making the opportunity he otherwise would seem to be so vainly waiting for.

"We can slip away from the dancers," he thought, "and I can tell her what is in my heart, how presumptuous I have been, and why I must go away from Lamorna."

But while he thus thought the intoxicating conviction seemed to grow upon him that he did not love in vain, but that his love was returned. Not in word or in glance alone, but in the tone of her voice, the flushing of her fair cheek, the quiver of her eyelids, and the soft sigh, like the first breath of spring upon the ice-bound world, all told the oft-repeated story, old as the everlasting hills, young and fresh as the rosy dawn that heralds a new day, the story of the all-pervading passion that has thrilled every human heart since time began; that fills the universe, that gives life to all things and even conquers the fear of death.

July 26, 1879.

Both felt it, both lived in that dreamy paradise, and the girl especially saw nothing in the future but happiness, nothing that for a moment should give her pain. Thus the days drifted on, the words still, unspoken that when once uttered could never be recalled.

The night of the party came. It was the first time for more than twenty years that anything like a dance had been given at Lamorna Castle, save in the servants' hall. His lordship never had cared for dancing, and Lady Bellinda had given up such vanities for some years before Cora, as an adopted daughter, was brought to the castle.

Despite her eccentricities, which were not always agreeable, Lady Bellinda had not lost her sympathy for youth; she remembered her own delight in a ball, and she was not the one to grudge Cora any reasonable enjoyment.

She did not care to take the girl to Court and present her, in consequence of the uncertainty which hung over her birth, and she rather shrank from exposing her thus early to the trying ordeal of a London season; the old lady judged rightly enough that plenty of healthful enjoyment was to be obtained in the country, and she was in no hurry to take her adopted niece out into the world.

The dinner party was not a large one, and consisted principally of the guests staying in the house and the more intimate friends in the neighbourhood. Among the latter were Walter Smith and his mother, and the Rev. Fleming Cadbury.

Much to their disgust, the Beverlys were invited only to the evening party, not to the dinner. They could not afford to refuse it, for people were to be met in Lamorna Castle who had never yet set foot in Beverly Chase, and beyond this, though the pursuit of Fleming Cadbury did not look promising, that of the marquis and Lance Latimer was more hopeful.

"The 'she dragon' is afraid of us, and thinks us dangerous," said her ladyship, as sitting in solemn conclave with her three daughters, she contemptuously twisted about the card of invitation from the castle; "I don't wonder at it. His lordship was very attentive to you, Edith, and when you are Marchioness of Lamorna you will make up for our shabby treatment by inviting us to all your entertainments, but I am not sorry I am not to dine there to-day. We could not have expected them to invite you three girls as well as your father and myself, and now I shall be able to see how you are dressed before we start."

The evening of the party came at last. The day had been intensely hot—not a breath of air was stirring. In the cornfields the reapers panted under the glare of the pitiless sun, the birds hushed their song, and took refuge in the cool orchards and amidst the shadows of the deep woods, while the cattle sought the shade of trees and sheds, or stood about in stagnant pools and ponds, patiently waiting till the fierce heat of the day should subside. Dogs threw themselves down at full length in shady corners, panting, and parched with thirst. Indeed, all animate nature seemed to be mutely praying for the cool breezes of evening to deliver it from torture.

It was still broad daylight when the guests assembled for dinner, which had been fixed for seven o'clock. Lady Bellinda looked as though she had walked down from one of the pictures on the wall, and had sent her empty frame away, so like to the portraits of some of her ancestresses did she seem with her small beaked nose, her powdered hair, her gorgeously flowered dress, and the blaze of jewels that glittered in her hair, on her yellow neck—exposed by her square-cut dress—and on her shrunken, bony wrists.

Cora Lyster was as great a contrast to her aunt as youth and freshness can present to withered age and wrinkles. Her dress was simple in the extreme, pure white tulle with a crystalline glitter upon it as though it had been sprinkled all over with tiny particles of ice; it clung gracefully to her girlish figure, her only ornaments being natural flowers—maiden hair

ferns—with white and red rosebuds, the latter wanting but a day to burst into perfect maturity. Nothing could have been more simple or more charming.

The girl's dress had the effect of enhancing its wearer's beauty rather than of calling attention to itself; her rich, abundant hair was fastened up in a Grecian knot; her fair face had within the last week or two acquired a new charm, and her dark brown eyes had a softness and sometimes a fire in them that until now they had never known.

"My little girl has become quite a woman," said the marquis, gazing fondly at her as she stood in his study ready dressed, asking his approval of her on the occasion of this her first appearance at a grown-up party.

"And you do like my dress, papa?" she asked, with childlike eagerness.

"Yes, but not half so well as I like the wearer. Take care, pussy, that you don't win any hearts to-night and don't go losing your own. Let me see; you just want one thing to complete your dress, I think I know what it is." And he went to a cabinet, unlocked it, and took from a small recess, a necklace formed of three strings of pearls, and fastened with a clasp, in which shone one large brilliant diamond.

"Oh, how beautiful, papa!"

"Yes; this is a present for you, let me fasten it on. That just finishes your dress; now give me a kiss and go and ask your aunt what she thinks of it."

"You dear papa!" exclaimed Cora, hugging him, to the no small danger of the smoothness of his hair and his shirt front. Then she danced off to show Lady Bellinda her new treasure, quite unconscious of the large sum it represented.

Lady Bellinda expressed admiration; and surprise, though of course she had been consulted by her brother, and knew all about his intended present. Unconsciously, even to themselves, both brother and sister treated the girl who was almost a woman in years, as a small child who could be petted to any extent without being spoilt.

Fortunately the nature they had to work upon was pure and true and noble, and their mode of treatment enhanced rather than impaired its virtues, for as the beauty and perfume of flowers expand in response to the warm rays of the sun, so the heart of the parentless child unfolded and grew more perfect from the love bestowed upon it.

But the guests are in the dining-room taking their seats at table, and, through some miscalculation surely—though Cora has been taken down by Sir Timothy Spanker—Walter Smith is on her other hand, and it is not necessary that she should devote all her attention to the baronet.

The table is one mass of flowers, gold plate, and glass, but though balls are unknown at the castle, or very nearly so, dinner parties are frequent enough, and this is not the first at which Cora has made her appearance.

Over there, not far from the marquis, Mrs. Smith is sitting, dressed in black lace, very costly, though very unassuming. Her bright complexion and dark eyes make her look too young to be the mother of Walter, and in the eyes of Cora she seems much more attractive than many a younger woman there.

Since Walter has taken up his residence with his mother Cora has only been once to Stoneycroft and then only Mrs. Smith was at home. Miss Ladbrooke had not under-estimated the danger to her pupil or to her friend's son which might accrue from too many meetings, and for both their sakes she was anxious to avoid anything of the kind. But Mrs. Smith had returned her ladyship's visit by calling at the castle, and she is invited here to-day as an honoured guest.

Lance Latimer and Mr. Cadbury are both at the same table, on opposite sides, it is true, and the former wonders uneasily what the rector has in his mind when he finds his eyes fixed upon him with a threatening gaze. True, they had met once before they came face to face at Lamorna Castle. That meeting was not friendly, nor was the cause of it very

creditable to the remote scion of the noble house of Lamorna.

He had been playing at cards—cheating, some men called it—and his opponent was a youth under age, who had given paper bearing his signature to the tune of several thousands of pounds to cover his losses.

Becoming sober by the next morning, and dimly conscious of what had taken place over night, the young man, rather alarmed at the predicament in which he found himself, sought the advice of his cousin, Fleming Cadbury, who happened to be in London at the time, and confided the whole affair to him, earnestly asking his assistance in the matter, and vowing that, if once helped out of this dilemma, he would never touch a card or make a bet again.

The strong-headed clergyman took him to his word, made himself master of the facts of the case, and of a few other circumstances connected with Launcelet Latimer, the holder of the foolish youth's acknowledgments. Fortunately for the success of the rector's scheme, the play had taken place at a club which had a character to lose, and therefore he could bring a double pressure to bear upon the man he wished to subdue.

No need for us, however, to describe that interview. Lance Latimer found himself with the alternative offered him of social ruin or the sacrifice of the plunder extracted from his last victim.

Like a wise man, he elected to bear the loss of his ill-gotten gains, and he handed back the youth's papers to the man who had come as his representative.

Fleming Cadbury had felt some doubts as to whether or not he was acting as he ought to act in compounding this affair, but as his young relative would not come forward, and as nothing dishonest could be proved, he yielded, and thus the matter was settled.

This was fully three years before the date of our story, and was also prior to Latimer's visit to Mexico. Still this incident would hardly account for the rector's manner towards him on the present occasion, and Latimer became uncomfortable and uneasy in consequence, yet he never, for an instant, guessed the real cause of the change in the man, but he nevertheless felt certain that he was, for some reason or other, more than ever his enemy.

"Out of sight out of mind," is an old woman's proverb, perhaps, but it contains much truth and wisdom.

Less than a week ago Latimer was almost tempted to do Juanita justice. His love for her had revived with the mere sight of her beauty, and he quite believed what he said at the time—that he could never love or even admire another woman as he did her.

That was almost a week ago; but during this week he has lived in the same house with Cora Lyster, he has noted her beauty—which he had had ample means of doing before, and he is convinced that she and young Smith are in love with each other. This was her present attraction for him. He invariably wanted what other men coveted, and what he could not get.

The unattainable always seems so very much more precious than what is within our grasp, and Lance Latimer's confidence in himself, not to say conceit, was so great that he never could be brought to believe that he could not reach anything if he would only strain after and strive for it long enough. To-night, the girl's beauty seemed to amaze him: he noticed also the costly necklace she wore.

"The diamond alone must be worth a thousand pounds," he mentally exclaimed. "The old man is going to make her his heiress," he went on, "that seems to be quite evident, and it is equally certain that I must marry her. I think he would like to see me do so. The venomous old vixen his sister would see me hanged first. The girl doesn't like me, and she does like that fellow Smith. Well, the odds are heavy against me, but I have won against greater, and I never had so much to win as I have now."

He was roused from these reflections by the ladies rising from table. Some of the guests for the party that was to follow had already arrived,

and Lady Bellinda led the way, with her stately mincing step, to the drawing-room, which adjoined the ball-room, to receive the newcomers.

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO LOVERS LOST IN A DREAM.

Oh, only those
Whose souls have felt this one idolatry—
Can tell how precious is the slightest thing—
Affection gives and hallows.

The dance was at its height. The Wraydonshire band were giving forth the strains of "The Blue Danube" with great spirit, and Walter Smith and Cora Lyster were waltzing together for the first time in their lives. Not without difficulty had the young man secured this chance, for Lance Latimer had stuck to Cora ever since dinner in a manner which irritated her, and yet which she could scarcely resent.

She had danced twice with him, then had declined to dance a third time, suggesting that there were other young ladies who had no partners, but he would not take the hint and still stood watching her while she danced with anyone else, then immediately she paused, would get by the side of his chair, or join her partner as though she were his property, and this the world ought to know it.

Walter had danced with no one. He stood watching the girl who to him was the loveliest of her sex, and his eyes flashed and his cheek flushed as he saw how Lance Latimer was trying to convey the impression to everyone that Cora Lyster did, or would one day belong to him.

Getting impatient at what was becoming something like persecution, and wondering why Walter did not ask her to dance, Cora turned and looked at our hero intently, even while she was conscious that Latimer was crossing the room to speak to her first. Walter saw the look and came forward; some dancers blocked his way, and Latimer reached the girl's side first and said:

"You will give me this dance, fair cousin?" But she did not answer him.

She had been told that a young lady must not refuse one man and then get up to give her hand for the same dance to another, unless she could plead a previous engagement, and this Cora did not choose to do, so she persistently appeared deaf, until Walter reached her side and divining the situation with a glance, said:

"I think this is our dance, Miss Lyster."

Cora smiled, rose to her feet and put her hand on his arm, then a second or two after, they were whirling away, while Lance Latimer stood glowering after them.

"I hope you will forgive me for what might have seemed like presumption in assuming that you had promised me this dance," said Walter, as they seemed to swim along so easily and gracefully over the polished floor.

"I am very glad you did so," was the reply. "I didn't want to dance with Mr. Latimer; indeed I don't want to dance with him again."

"Is it possible for you to give me a few minutes, in the garden, to hear what I have been waiting a whole week to tell you?" he asked, wishing meanwhile that the dance would never end, and that he might retain his clasp round this fair form for ever.

"I will try, if you wish it," she said, half sadly.

"I promised not to go away till I had spoken and every day makes it worse for me to go or stay," he continues.

"I will walk in the garden with you, but not just yet. Take me to my aunt when we stop, I must speak to her about Mr. Latimer, or we shall have him following us."

Another turn round the room, and the music ceases, and Cora, taking Walter's arm, walks slowly to the drawing-room, where Lady Bellinda with a host of chaperones, and many girls who do not care to dance this hot weather, are seated.

The couple are conscious, as they take this course, that Lance Latimer is following them,

but they are well in advance, and Cora leaves Walter's side and reaches that of Lady Bellinda.

"Auntie, I want to speak with you," she says, in a low tone, and soon after the two ladies have disappeared from the rooms thrown open to their guests.

"Will follow you or keep by your side, will he!" exclaimed Lady Bellinda, with asperity; "then that accounts for the remarks I have heard. No less than three times this evening have I had to say most emphatically that you are not engaged to the young man, and that you never will be."

"I am glad you said so, auntie; but it is very unpleasant to be bothered like this. I danced once with him out of politeness, and I danced a second time because I didn't like to say no, then I told him to go and ask Mabel Beverly, but he wouldn't. He would do nothing but hang over my chair. I can't speak without his hearing what I say, and it is especially disagreeable when one doesn't like the man."

"It is, I'll manage him," said Lady Bellinda, led the way back to the drawing-room, little thinking how she was herself helping to bring about a state of things that would entail pain and sorrow on the girl she loved.

To do Cora justice, she had no intention of giving her aunt so much occupation that she would forget to look after her, for her only thought, for the time, was to rid herself of the very unbecoming attentions of her new admirer. Now, he was, in this character, at least.

She was claimed for the next dance by a young guardian, the son of a neighbouring county magnate, and she was amused to observe how Lady Bellinda now devoted herself to the entertainment of Mr. Lance Latimer. She took his arm, she told him he must help her to entertain her guests, she walked about talking to the most objectionable people in the party; then she took him back to the drawing-room, and introduced him to a lady who had four marriageable daughters, none of whom were dancing, and told him, in a low tone, that he must oblige her by dancing with each of them.

Politeness alone kept him from making a grimace as this disagreeable task was forced upon him. Going through duty, dances with a very pretty girl, whom it is your privilege as well as your inclination to propitiate, is one thing, particularly when you know that a dozen other men are invoking anything but blessings upon your head in consequence; but to have to pay attention to four objectionable wall-flowers in lieu of the rose you covet, is quite another, and so Lance Latimer thought.

There was no help for it, however. The Misses Spencely had to be danced with, and the Misses Spencely would talk, so that he could not even look about him, and he lost sight of Cora—could not find her, and could not say who she had danced with, or whether she had danced at all!

His terrible duty is over at last, and he thinks to escape—to hunt up his "fair cousin," as he calls her, and ascertain also what has become of "that fellow Smith."

Lady Bellinda is in waiting, however. She has Lady Beverly and the fair Mabel by her side, and she beckons him to join them.

"You have been so good that I can let you enjoy a dance with a partner of your own selection now," said the sarcastic old lady, with a glance at Mabel, who smiled and blushed, and there was no alternative for him but to ask for the pleasure of her hand for the next waltz.

"I was just complaining that you had neglected us shamefully," said Lady Beverly, with a bright smile, as she toyed with her fan, "and Lady Bellinda was kind enough to make excuses for you. I am sure you deserve to be paid for dancing with those strong-minded Misses Spencely."

"And I am receiving my reward," with a gallant bow.

Lady Beverly laughed. She had no objection to a little flattery. Then Mabel took Latimer's arm, for the dance had commenced.

"I think I may leave him now," was Lady Bellinda's mental comment. "Lady Beverly will keep him safely enough now he is in her train. But where is Cora? I have not seen her for some time."

Then she went to look for her niece, but we, knowing better where to find her, will go another way. Through the conservatory, out into the garden, under the gleam of the crescent moon, and looked down upon by the eyes of countless myriads of stars, the lovers walked softly and unnoticed.

A large dark burnous belonging to one of the guests had been caught up by Walter and thrown round the girl, whose white dress and fair head it completely covered.

They walked a little way in silence, for many of the guests had come out from the hot rooms to enjoy the cool, balmy air, and voices could be heard distinctly in the stillness of the night. At a short distance from the mansion, they reach a soft, springy lawn, half surrounded with a belt of dark trees, and in the shadow of these, as Walter and Cora both know, there is a garden seat where they can sit down and talk at leisure.

"Probably you know what I am going to tell you," Walter began by saying, in a low, strained tone.

"No," was the tremulous reply.

"And yet you must have guessed that I love you; that such love on my part is madness, and that I must go away and never see your dear face again."

He paused; but the girl could not speak, and he went on more impetuously.

"'Kought not to have told you this, perhaps. I never meant to tell you. I should have gone away with my secret buried in my own heart, ne'er a living creature conscious of its existence, but the last scene in the tent with the gipsy. You were frightened; you turned to me, and I showed more of my feelings than I should have done. I felt that I had betrayed myself; that I owed it to you as well as to myself to tell you that I love you, and that I shall love you as long as I live; and now I shall go away. You may pity me sometimes, but you will not misjudge me."

And he rose to his feet. He asked for no answer, for no return, he was ready to take her back to the house, to her friends, to wealth, home, and comfort, while he went out to meet the buffets of the world alone.

Cora knew not what to say. Her limited experience of life put her at a disadvantage; her fate had never left her in such a plight before. Here was a man asserting himself and going away without so much as asking what she thought of his love.

She had read scores of romances and novels, but none of them helped her now, she could not remember one similar case, and, thrown back upon herself, she said in a low, hesitating tone:

"Why must you go?"

"Why? Have I not told you that I love you? Can any reason be greater or stronger than that?" he asked, with suppressed excitement.

"Is it something so very dreadful to love me?"

There was a spice of coquetry in the question, for he was making such a very tragic affair of it, at least it seemed so to her.

"Dreadful," he repeated, bitterly, "it means the wreck of my life—unless—"

"Walter!" in a low, soft tone, almost a whisper, and she rose to her feet.

The next instant she was clasped in her lover's arms and the first warm kiss of love was pressed upon her ripe red tempting lips. For a few seconds there was silence between them, neither spoke, the stars looked down upon them kindly, the crescent moon spoke of hope, but they were oblivious of its message.

Walter was the first to speak. Gently releasing the fair form he held in his arms he replaced her on the seat, sat down by her side and said:

"I have been very selfish, my darling, I have



brought pain and suffering to you when I ought to have borne it all myself; now what is to be done?"

"Why do you talk of pain and suffering? Is there any reason why—why we should not care for each other?"

"Reason enough," in a despairing tone. "You are rich—or your friends are. I am poor, I can never hope to have such a position to offer you as you have a right to expect; your father will probably order me out of his house when I dare to tell him of my presumption."

"You don't know papa, or you would not talk like that," said Cora, in a tone of relief. "You know, dear, I am not his own daughter, and the people I really belong to may be very poor indeed, or there might be something even worse than poverty—you will have to risk all that if you marry me."

"His arms were round her as he said:

"Only your own will and the authority of those to whom you belong shall ever divide us."

"And there is nothing but money and what you call position to keep us apart?" she asked, nestling in his arms.

"Nothing, my darling."

"Then don't despair; all will come right. Come up and see papa in the morning and be sure you tell him I am very fond of you, because if you don't I shall, and now we had better get back to the house or that horrid Mr. Latimer will be finding us."

A kiss followed, interrupted, however, by a rustle in the shrubbery behind them; somebody, it seemed, had been listening. Walter started forward, but he could see no one, and it was well that he could not, for Cora would have taken it as a bad omen for her love, had she known that the gipsy who had frightened her by her evil prophecy had been loitering about the castle grounds, and had heard every word that had been said.

They walked back to the conservatory without being recognised, and Cora threw aside the

dark cloak that had hidden her so well; but there was a flush on her face, and an unwanted light in her eye as she walked into the drawing-room and met her aunt, who had been looking for her in all directions except the right one.

The old lady noted these symptoms with dismay. Recollections of her own girlhood told her, perhaps, that they were dangerous, and a presage of coming trouble filled her heart. But Lord Lamorna, who was sitting by the side of Mrs. Smith, and in conversation with her, beckoned to his adopted daughter to join them.

"My little girl is becoming quite a woman," he said, tenderly, drawing her to a seat; "are you tired of dancing, my child?"

"No, papa dear, I am not tired, but I don't think I shall dance any more to-night."

Lance Latimer coming up a few seconds later to ask for her hand in a dance was politely refused, and finding himself rather de trop in the party on the ottoman, he went off to find Mabel Beverly and take her for a stroll in the grounds.

A dangerous thing to do with one of Lady Beverly's daughters, still more dangerous with Juanita prowling about, her one object being to keep a strict watch upon him. But Juanita could have told him something this night which would have cut him to the very quick as he listened to it. Unconscious of the dangers surrounding him he walked by Mabel Beverly's side, her hand resting on his arm.

The excitement of the dance is in his blood, the consciousness of something like defeat is irritating him, and the champagne he has imbibed, though not enough in itself to excite him, yet helps, with the other causes mentioned, to make him in a particularly reckless and dangerous mood.

A woman's white hand on his arm, and a woman's fair face by his side, are powerful temptations to a man in such a frame of mind, and Mabel Beverly's heart beat exultantly, for though she would have preferred Walter Smith, he was unattainable, and to marry the

heir to this proud mansion and to these broad acres would, she felt, satisfy both her own ambition and her mother's avarice.

She was, moreover, delighted at the prospect of the small triumph of being married before her elder sisters, and with these thoughts in her heart, she not only made up her mind to accept Lance Latimer, but was equally determined that he should propose.

"What a lovely night," she sighed, as she lifted up her eyes languishingly to his.

"Not half so lovely as yourself, dearest."

Then there was the sound of a kiss, and could they have heard it, a sob of rage and of pain from behind the statue close at hand.

"Oh, Lance, how could you, and you have been so devoted to Cora all the evening, that I—" "

"Don't talk about Cora, but give me a kiss; come, you know you like me a little bit, Mabel; give me just one kiss!"

"But—but what will mamma say, before you have spoken to papa, too?"

"Bother your father and mother! Kiss me, come."

He held her so tightly in his arms that if only to gain her release she was fain to comply. As she did so, two figures started out from the shadow into the moonlight. One was Lady Beverly, the other was Juanita.

"Mr. Latimer!—Mabel!—I am shocked!"

So said the baronet's wife, and the Spanish woman shrank back again into the darkness, for what could she do here?

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Mabel, covering her face with her hands.

Not that she was afraid, but she thought it would look effective.

"You had better come and see Sir Augustus to-morrow, Mr. Latimer—we lunch at one; and now we are going."

And her ladyship said "Good-night," feeling that they had landed one fish at last.

(To be Continued.)



[THE AVENGER OF MANY WRONGS.]

LORD JASPER'S SECRET;

—OR—

BETWEEN PALACE AND PRISON.

By the Author of "Lady Violet's Victims."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SECRET IS KEPT.

A woman weary weeping in the silence of her chamber.

A broken spirit wailing in the starless night alone.

LORD JASPER is conscious of a woman's form at one of the cottage windows. Who is it but the unhappy Stephanie?

Has she watched the duel in the dawn? He leans on his rapier contemplating the dead man through the faint mists of the summer morning; the cold, pale face, rigid and still beautiful; the rôô and sensualist laid low; the man people had listened to with suspended breath as the consummate grandeur in the tones of the matchless voice rang through the roofs of concert halls and opera houses.

He is so quiet in his last slumber! Lord Jasper gazes at the woman at the window, and he sees the waxen pallor of her features change to the deepest flush.

It seems as if he were leaving her in some miserable cell, excluded from light and joy. She is indeed changed. Better humiliation, unutterable woe, the ruin of every hope—these have been Stephanie's portion. And still she looks at the dead man unmoved.

Instinct warns Lord Jasper he must fly if he would save himself the desecration of penalty and punishment; the law forbids duels, and how can any legal tyranny restore the count to life; he fell in fair fight; he forced the duel on

Lord Jasper. How then could he be to blame if the rapier's final thrust had indeed proved fatal?

The count was no coward. He seemed in the present instance to have assumed a reckless attitude of defiance, and courted danger. Some indefinable impulse urged him on. Was he weary of the vulgar every-day routine of petty cares? Lord Jasper feels the sanctity of that solemn mask spreading itself with invisible rapidity over the count's features, as it defies humanity, and robes him with the immortal grace and grandeur of death.

If his life were ignoble, there seems an essence of vague sublimity in his end, which may be assumed the form of atonement. Stephanie moves from the window, and sick and faint with dread and anxiety for Lord Jasper, sinks motionless into a chair. She is dumb; her voice cannot penetrate the morning air to entreat a few answering words from the man she so madly loves—the man who has killed her tyrant and freed her from bondage. Vengeance has alighted on that evil head in a mysterious and wholly unexpected way.

She falls on her knees and prays for the safety of the living. Prayers need no utterance, and the poor paralysed hands, if not uplifted on high, may have also a silent faculty of appeal as they hang by her side. She prays for him that he may escape to a foreign land and avoid the heavy penalty of disgrace and punishment awaiting him here.

And Mrs. Slater awakes from her drunken sleep and approaches the countess, and glances into her face with cunning anxiety.

"Why aint you a-bed, as fit you should be?" asks Mrs. Slater, a little spitefully, for the victim is silent, and these walls have no ears.

A struggling moan falls from Stephanie's lips. Mrs. Slater believes her to be what in vulgar parlance is called a "softy," and pushes the countess somewhat roughly. What harm can a being do who has lost all memory and mind, and who is dumb? Drunken slumbers produce

very decided irritability, and often a somewhat ill-judged malevolence.

"Come, you just get into bed, Countess, and give us no nonsense, or you'll be put somewhere nice and quiet, and never come out again," says Mrs. Slater, consolingly.

And still Stephanie prays. She dreads the terrible woman going to the window and looking on the corpse below lying in a pool of blood. Mrs. Slater falls into the mistaken notion that a dumb woman is frequently deaf as well.

The countess may have lost a considerable portion of mental power, but with her youth and natural vigour of constitution, there is still every hope she will yet regain the full possession of every faculty. She obeys Mrs. Slater, rises slowly from her knees, throws off her blue dressing-gown, and gets into bed."

"Ah, that's right! I knew she'd mind me, or I'd teach her manners with a stick," muttered Mrs. Slater, triumphantly.

She says this under her breath, and bends over the countess to eye her more closely.

"I wonder how far Willie's got on his journey by this time," she murmurs, glancing at the clock. Well, it's getting on for seven. He'll now be crossing Derwentwater lake in a little open boat. Bless him! I do hope it isn't upset, and if I'd only got Stacey under my thumb again, instead of knowing she's whimpering in a prison—Why, good gracious me! What's that noise? I fancied it was Aaron's voice, but he's too late. Willie's gone. Ha! ha! You pale Jew—You mocking fiend! My boy's given you the slip this time, at all events."

He has indeed, only she does not know how, or in what direction.

Mrs. Slater rushes to the window and looks out. A fearful scream breaks the silence; she has caught a glimpse of that mighty form lying crushed and tranquil on the blood-stained grass, killed with a rapier wound through the breast that never ached for others' sorrow. The wind gently moves the dark rings of his hair.

"Have they murdered him?" she cries, wringing her hands. Why does not he move and

speak and strike the wretches down?" Oh, Willie, Willie! my darling boy—my lost, poor, miserable child—to lie there so still and never speak, and all the breath going from his dear lips, and blood everywhere! Willie, come back to me. Oh, my son! my son!"

She sank to the ground in a fainting fit, and the dumb woman prays still that her love, Lord Jasper, may escape, and the Jew be pitiful! She, too, hears Aaron's voice, the detective who had sought her on her wedding morn and taken her gold and left her with a warning.

Paralysis is a loss of nervous power often consequent on a shock. By a marvellous re-action and revulsion of feeling the countess finds strength to stagger to her feet—to clutch the dressing-gown and throw it over her in order to descend below. Mrs. Slater has lost consciousness, and is lying apparently insensible by the window, and she will descend and look at her dead husband, whom Lord Jasper has slain.

Very feebly and slowly she creeps inch by inch to the door, where she nearly stumbles and falls from weakness. She wants to entreat, in her dumb fashion, mercy from the Jew who has taken her gold. He spared her then to her misfortune. He may spare Lord Jasper for the sake of justice and honour, and keep his secret safe for ever.

Aaron is human. He has longed for vengeance on the man, the ruthless villain who had been instrumental in his sister Mirah's death, and he finds him lying dead this fair summer dawn.

Link by link he has gathered and forged his chain of evidence, it is now complete, and he fancied he should take the Count de Remolles, alias Evelyn Carlton, Jabez Cohen, William Slater, and other assumed names, to prison, and leave him to eat his heart out in shame and anguish.

He has travelled all day and night to overtakes his enemy now that he has all in readiness to prove his guilt clearly to a judge and jury and the world, and he finds him beyond all human malice, punishment, and pain.

He is dead in the fragrance, the glow, and the sweetness of the summer dawn; such a wound in that broad and splendid chest beyond all cure.

Lord Jasper still leans on his rapier as dawn confronts him:

"Ah! my lord, you have stolen a march on me, I have come too late and he has gone."

Aaron bends over the body, thinking of his unhappy sister, and of the old father at home, waiting to hear how their enemy had been taken red-handed as he was on the brink of escaping.

"Hush, respect the sanctity of the hour," Lord Jasper says, watching the wind lifting the count's blood-stained hair, with a sick and aching pang. "This is no time to cherish enmity against him, seeing he has gone to where the great Ruler of the world will judge him for his sins on earth."

"I wanted him to suffer," Aaron panted. "To think of Mirah who died through him—our little darling. I longed to show him the handcuffs, and lead him to prison like a dog; I've dreamt night and day of the hour when I could do it, and you, my lord, I repeat, have stolen a march on me—you wanted to revenge your family dishonour. I only thought of Mirah."

"I gave him an honourable death at the sword's point."

"Ah! you're an out-and-out fine swordsman, my lord, and he didn't know it, you may be sure," Aaron answers, characteristically. "He thought he'd spit you like a lark; he took no more account of human life than a butcher does of an animal. There was the Duke de Recamier, out in Belgium, he ran him through at the fifth thrust; the duke avenged his wife's infidelity too well, and the pity of it is she wasn't worth powder and shot."

Lord Jasper is silent, the very air seems burdened with lament. And now he cannot save Eustacia; other hands may be outstretched to aid her, other voices bring her sympathy; he must arise and flee into the wilderness; he will have no home, no love, no hope. Eustacia's love

has not, he believes, the utter passion and self-abandonment of Stephanie's, her pride and will are stronger; it is these characteristics that have such fatal charms for him. She has been difficult to win, she has indeed avoided his caresses, she is grand, and true, and brave, she quails before nothing; fearless and impassioned, flung into a prison, and with innocent, Eustacia must ever be his goddess, one day perhaps his wife.

He is quite sure that on no other terms can she be his—she who has scorned the money that other women cling to and bow down before and worship, is a harder muse to win than he had believed possible. She cares for honour, and has an heroic fibre underlying that soft external gentleness which he believed had been easily overruled. Aaron's voice rouses him from his momentary trance.

"You be aware, my lord, it's my duty to take you into custody," the Jew says, slowly and decisively, "desiring in clean against the English law. Of course, there would be extenuating circumstances in your case, I desay, but—"

Lord Jasper has no desire to be gathered in the meshes of any ugly and awkward net. Scandal, notoriety and publicity are his aversion, and he reads whole paragraphs relating to himself and enemy—so that his family name trotted out for public amusement, or to see a leading article devoted to pathos and heroism in which he is the central figure, has every unpleasant significance.

"How often, my excellent Aaron, are you induced to follow the impulse of fury?"

"I'm a dog, an owl that paws my bed," the Jew says, with a suggestion of the chosen mee ane, nodding his head.

Vengeance and duty are very well in their way, but it is perilous sometimes to drop them and take a sound, common-sense view of things. And the common sense of a child of Israel is always one of his strong points. Those silly pigs must have been of pure Gentile breed that ran into the sea.

"You have no malice against me, I suppose?"

"Oh, lord love you, none whatsoever! You never 'armed' me. You're the sort of pleasant, profitably party as is generally his own enemy, my lord."

"Well, then, Aaron, name your own price."

Aaron's first impulse to demand a high and extortionate sum is checked by one of those swift and fierce inner revulsions of feeling that only overmaster a nature that has been long over-strung, where one passion has been concerned.

The climax of his revenge has been consummated by Lord Jasper's rapier's thrust. He had panted and hungered for the life of the Count de Remolles—hungered with the tiger-like rage of a man who has seen the apple of his eye—his one ewe lamb—taken and destroyed, for Aaron loved Mirah as the only fair and perfect creature the world held for him. She had been the angel they had idolised in the poor and humble home.

Aaron's violent and impetuous nature may be mercenary, but the man who has slain Mirah's betrayer is in his eyes a hero—a saint who has ridden the world of a monster. Before this mighty tempest of feeling, even omnipotent "gold" ceases to have any charm or lure. To take Lord Jasper's money now that feeling is fully aroused is indeed impossible. He covers his face with his hands and bursts into sobs.

"I've been long maddened, tortured, distracted, my lord, through you villain. He broke up our little home, and when Mirah drowned, body was brought to shore, and we'd read the note she'd left behind telling us of her sorrow, and that she couldn't bear life any longer, I took an oath to kill him. I'd like him to rust in prison, I thought, and when he came out I dreamt of killing him. I thought of nothing else. I wanted him to see the hatred in my eyes as he died. You have avenged Mirah's death, and I bless you. I'd like to touch the hand that held the trusty sword," and Aaron seizes Lord Jasper's wrist and lifts it to his lips.

"And you can think after this I would take money from you?"

Lord Jasper is unfeignedly startled, but the "surprises" in store for us in human nature are always latent and marvellous. The love of a betrayed and injured sister has over-mastered the keen instinct of avarice.

"You are free, my lord, to depart, and with the thanks and blessing of a poor Jew."

Lord Jasper retains Aaron's hand.

"Try now and find a charm in life that will ease your pain," he says, gently.

As he utters these words he sees Stephanie behind him on the grass; she has heard them.

"He can speak kindly to Aaron," she thinks.

"Has he no pity for me?"

Her heavy eyes rest on him with a thoughtful and tender scrutiny.

"Are you ill and suffering?" he asks, as he sees the wintry glances.

She shakes her head and touches her lips. Her hands hang down listlessly at her side: this is the weak, paralytic and anguish! He sees also in the inevitable result of love and pain. Pallid and worn, she turns and passes away from him under the trees to where the dead man lies—lies his hand.

She bows down over the couch, and touches his hand with her lips. Shaking him by this that living dead, he is forgiven.

Lord Jasper watches her, as weird and yet majestic in the quiet dignity of sorrow, she raises her lovely head, looking like a fairily on which the fury of the tempest has fallen. And he follows her.

"Farewell, Stephanie. I leave England today."

His voice murmuring, "Stephanie," breaks the long spell of her silence. The name that during her illness, so long a speech had been granted her, unanswered a thousand times a day, is the first she can now give expression to—"Jasper!"

She returns to the cottage and throws herself into a low, easy couch, as the re-awakened faculties begin to exert their power. She sees Lord Jasper pass along the gravel walk and enter the high road; and that Aaron shuddering away from the corpse, bares his temples, and throwing his hands in the air appears wrapped in some deep and strange absorption. Stephanie smiles at the cottage.

"I have spoken and shall live," she mutters, "now that I have seen his face again."

A few minutes later Mdlle. Josephine, hearing that the Count de Remolles is dead—slain as she believes by his own hand, approaches the countess and looks at her with keen anxiety.

"You are better, I hope, chere madame."

"Send for Hafiz," Stephanie says, wearily, her face wet with her tears.

A figure suddenly darts forward and clasps her hand.

"Sweet mistress; I could no longer obey you and keep from your presence. I came because a voice whispered to me his hour had come;" and Hafiz, with tender gestures and affectionate words, hovers over her beloved mistress as of old: his old gladness since 1812.

"I will tell you something," the lady's maid says, restlessly; "the poison was given you, milady; by die count, and Mrs. Slater knew it all die time."

"Where's Eustacia?" the countess asks, after a pause.

"In prison, on the charge of what they alone are guilty."

"She is innocent," Stephanie murmurs, and she shall be released."

Yet should sorrow o'er you hover,
When besoal'd life's stormy winds begin.
Think of him who was your lover,
And is evermore your friend.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FIVE YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE.

It is not Lord Jasper who is sitting by the captive's side at the cold house of doom, he has

been forced to flee, and yet Eustacia is not left uncomfited in her deep desolation.

"Try and give me a plain and clear statement of all that has happened," Count Mancelli is saying as he is rapidly writing down her words, "and soon you will be released, and justice shall be done."

Eustacia's spirit has risen in fierce revolt, she is no longer the passive quiet girl wrestling with the miseries of a hopeless passion, but a determined woman, resolving to quail before no injustice, no terror, no injury, and she is sustained and assisted by the true and immortal love of a noble and brave man.

In troublous false friends fade; it is when the stroke of sorrow falls the kindly hand-clasp is welcomed, and Eustacia wonders why the man who swore that he adored, and would save her, is not here to-day, little dreaming of the tragedy that has taken place amid the Cumberland hills, and that Evelyn, Count de Remolles, is slain by her lover's hand.

"You are very good to me, Count Mancelli, Eustacia is saying, "but I should like to know what is the worst punishment they can inflict on me if they swear falsely, and all is proved against me; you don't know what wicked and desperate people we have to fight."

He checks her with a smile.

"Only trust me, and all will be well. I shall go down to Cumberland to-day with my lawyer, confront this Mrs. Slater and De Remolles, and in a very short time I shall know where—yes, and at whom to strike."

Her heart beats quickly, the colour leaves her face. Why has not Lord Jasper returned to her? Can he be so heartless and cruel as to forsake her in her hour of danger and of need?

The count watches her gravely.

"You are thinking of Lord Fitzmaurice, are you not, and you wonder why he has left you thus? Ah! child, believe me, it is better to try and forget him, while, at least, you are in a prison."

She starts and almost screams.

"Yes, yes, I understand, but it is so bitter; you would imply that Lord Jasper cares not what becomes of me now, that I——"

"Try and think of yourself for a little while, that is what I mean; take more food and keep up your health; I am sure all will end satisfactorily. But the strain is intense; it is telling on you already."

She looks, indeed, ill and haggard. There is a glassy feverish brilliancy in her eyes which he perceives. He knows that all her love is given to another, and yet he crushes the cruel truth down in his breast, so that he may save and befriend her. Is it not ever so?

We smile and adore a beloved object whose thoughts are far away from us; we cling to an image, cold and lifeless as marble; we bow down before some haughty god, patchwork of clay and worthless, and love mocks us from hard and careless eyes.

He believes that respect and friendship at the most are all this girl can ever offer him, and yet he serves her, and is willing to suffer always. Eustacia has never met before with love of this silent, tense, worshipping kind—love that can never deceive, and is humble and patient. It surrounds her now like a dumb and beautiful mystery, in which she is content to rest and question nothing.

"You are going to Cumberland to-day?" she asks.

"Yes," he answers, moving away from her side. "And at once."

Count Mancelli is wealthy, scholarly—a man of the world, and highborn, and yet he loves this nameless, homeless girl with all the force of a romantic mind.

"Do you believe I am grateful?" she asks, timidly, extending her hand and looking like one of the lovely martyrs of old.

"It is the one pleasure of my life to serve you. Then why should you be grateful?" he answers, and leaves her to seek her enemies and overthrow their malice.

She sinks down helplessly on the cold flags of her prison, and as he departs he seems to have taken some of the daylight with him.

"If it were not for him I should be quite forsaken," Eustacia mumbles, walking restlessly to and fro; "and yet, oh, my love, my love! it is of you alone I dream."

The count finds everything in an alarming state of confusion in Cumberland. Mrs. Slater has but the vaguest recollection of how anything happened, when she returns to the world after her fainting-fit, and is perfectly certain her son has put an end to his life in a fit of insane desperation. She has been hopelessly tipsy ever since she wept over his body, and raves alternately about Eustacia and Evelyn.

Mdlle. Josephine retains her presence of mind, and looks over her notes with extreme satisfaction. Her enemy is dead, and she is safe to proclaim the crime to the world. She has no knowledge of any duel having taken place, and is extremely civil to the countess, who sees regaining strength of mind with every hour.

Count Mancelli is shown into the small dining-room, and finds Mdlle. Josephine only too ready and willing to come forward and expose Mrs. Slater as an accessory and accomplice in poisoning the Countess de Remolles. She answers his leading questions with great clearness, gives him a brief sketch of De Remolles' tragic end, which she attributes to self-destruction, and finally denounces Mrs. Slater in the most convincing manner.

The terrible woman, aroused by voices, has descended below, and gripping the table for support, faces Count Mancelli and the lady's maid with an attempt at withering scorn. But as she hears how Josephine listened and overheard their conversation the night she believed her asleep, and therefore bears witness against her, and feels the force of the count's strong, incisive language, to say nothing of the quiet asides of his lawyer, she feels she must break down hopelessly in any attempt to clear herself from the charge. As she said to Evelyn, her character sadly wanted "white-washing," and to go into a court of justice it is necessary to have exceptionally "clean hands."

"I'm very poor and 'umble," she is saying, brokenly, "and my head won't bear worry. All I can say is, I'm innocent as the unborn babe of all."

"You better reserve that for your defence," the count says, severely, morally convinced of her guilt.

"Aint you got pity for a poor mother's sorrow?" asks Mrs. Slater, going down on her knees this time in earnest, "and spare a lone widow as has lost her only comfort in this world; but there, it won't be for long. I'm very feeble. It's only a skeleton they'll find left to Harry."

The idea of Mrs. Slater's enormous proportions being reduced and dwindling to those of a skeleton is almost ludicrous. The count smiles over his notes.

"Ah! I know a secret what you'd give yer eyes to get hold on, my lord count," she says, after a pause. "You're regular sweet on that saucy young minx, Eustacia; but I ain't going to let you crow over every one, as you choose to dig your claws into me now, but the day will come, mark me, when you'll wish you'd shown belief in Mrs. Slater, and not raked up falsehoods and sent her before a judge and jury to be tried for attempted murder. Oh! Willie! Willie! It's all through you, and to think I should live to see such a day as this!"

An unscrupulous woman, and dangerous in her defiant contempt of others, of plebeian origin, yet in a measure sufficiently taught, so that on occasions she could express herself fairly well, she now sinks into dogged silence, only muttering to herself, at times under her breath. She is caught for once in a trap from which is no escape possible. Drink has produced crime, unscrupulousness, coarseness, want, and now it is leading her to a prison.

Through it is she lost, as a woman, as a citizen, and a human being. The mocking spirit which devours genius; the wily enemy that begins by soothing, flattering, and ends by destroying its weak or sensual prey, is cruel as the grave.

"Lost!" thinks Count Mancelli, glancing

with aversion and disgust at the miserable woman, her brain on fire and her heart diseased.

She gives him one final parting sting.

"Eustacia takes no heed of you, I know, for all you're a fine enough man to look at. She'll never thank you, not if you squandered every shilling you've got on her, and she'll let her poor old granny go to prison, and never think of how I used to nurse her when she was a little girl, and took such pride and pleasure in her too—me, innocent as the ba——"

Here Mrs. Slater sobs hysterically, and goes into the domestic heroes.

Mdlle. Josephine returns to London and makes the deposition in which Mrs. Slater is involved, and the result is that the following morning, in company with two strong-nerved policemen, she is conducted into safe quarters, where her allowances of whiskey will be strictly limited, and where the mildest "fourpenny," which she emphatically calls "ditch-water," is alone offered as a solace to those in distress.

A few days after Mrs. Slater is finally committed for trial. Her somewhat reckless attitude in the dock decidedly tells against her. She contradicts herself a dozen times in every twenty minutes; there are ugly tales afloat of crime in other quarters—of false coins circulated through her agency, of her receipt of stolen property; all this, allied with her drunken propensities and the clearness of the evidence produced against her, tell most unfavourably on the minds of the jury.

On the other hand, Eustacia's grace and sweetness produce a decidedly favourable impression. Her deep low tones, in which she steadily denies all knowledge of or complicity in the crime, carry a steady conviction of truth and earnestness; she speaks of her affection for the countess, their friendship, and the high esteem in which the countess holds her without any over-acting or extravagance. It is forcible and convincing.

As the jury re-assemble in their box the indistinct hum of the voices in the court gradually lessens. Count Mancelli watches Eustacia with grave anxiety, but a sure sense of her being speedily rescued from her position of degrading humiliation recurs to him with increasing certainty.

Mrs. Slater closes her eyes and then shakes her large head, as if its throbbing agony is more than she can bear: no one pines her—in fact a prison seems almost too good for her. She sits facing the crowd in the court, in her black dress and orange-coloured neckerchief, occasionally wiping her eyes with her sleeve, and looking a picture of woe-begone distress. No one feels any personal interest in her, unless it is her friend, Mrs. Barney Macree in the gallery, who mutters from time to time, "Faith! an it's sorra a ha'porth o' good ye've ever done in the world, and it's to a dock ye've brought the innocent chile! Bad luck to ye."

Very bad luck is indeed in store for the terror of Black Lion Square. As the foreman of the jury addressing them, asks, "How say you, guilty or not guilty?" Mrs. Slater, for the first time, appears to take marked interest in the proceedings. Her wicked eyes turn on Eustacia with a glance of devouring hatred, a flash of dangerous and malignant omen.

The verdict is pronounced. Eustacia is declared innocent, and Mrs. Slater guilty of being an accomplice in an attempt to poison the Countess de Remolles. Asked in peremptory tones if she has anything to say, Mrs. Slater rises and with copious weeping implores mercy, strongly protesting her complete ignorance of any design of the count on the life of his wife. No one believes her, and the judge prepares to pass sentence.

After a somewhat lengthy address, for he dearly loves the sound of his oracular eloquence, the judge goes on to say he considers an accomplice equal in guilt with the one who plots and carries out a crime. He must be therefore severe and pass a heavy sentence—

Mrs. Slater here falls down like a stone, and then struggles between the chairs like some wild and lawless animal.

— "Five years' penal servitude!"

She hears the words and cries aloud and strikes her breast, and then loses all control of herself.

"Ah! you're there safe enough, but just wait till I get out," cries Mrs. Slater, shaking her fist and gnashing her teeth as she glances at Eustacia. "Ingrate, but I'll live to pay every—"

She is carried off amid a volley of vile oaths and vindictive threats.

"Shure, a prison's the best place for her for ever and ever," sighs Mrs. Macree, in the gallery, horrified at her ex-landlady's language, and longing to grasp Eustacia's hand and congratulate her, in her warm Irish fashion, on her release.

Eustacia finds Count Mancelli by her side. He takes her on his arm to his carriage amid cheers from the crowd, and drives her to his house in Grosvenor Square.

"Count Mancelli, you have saved me, without you I must have died; there is no mercy, no hope, no justice for a penniless girl, and you have given me freedom," Eustacia says, after a long pause. His heart is too full for speech. He knows so well she is sick with anguish at the thought of Lord Jasper's abandonment.

"I wish you to be happy," he answers, simply, but he believes it will be long ere she can regain peace.

"Where are we now going?" she asks, timidly, dazzled by the light; she has been for some time in an obscure place.

"To my home. You will be my sister's guest."

She feels that he is noble, and respects her, and Eustacia is a Fitzmaurice, she comes of a proud race; the perfect taste, the exquisite refinement of the man who has stood by her in her hour of need, moves her with an indefinable sentiment of affection and gratitude.

There can be nothing ignoble or selfish in a man whose respect is still hers, spite of her humiliation, disgrace and sorrow. But then it is not the caprice of a worldling, it ranks with immortal love. Eustacia begins to feel herself blessed above all others in having inspired it. Why not prize such devotion as it deserved?

As he leads her through the sumptuous hall, full of marble busts and rare ferns, always gentle, thoughtful, and tenderly anxious for her comfort, she is mysteriously soothed by the magnetic influence of a perfect passion that protects, and still reveres.

He bends over her dark and queenly head.

"Amina mia!"

It is all he would express. And then as she weeps tears of joy at her release, faint and languid from the over-strained tension of rapid thought, and the excitement of the trial, he confides her to his sister's care and departs, leaving her alone—as he hopes, to rest.

"Some day, who knows, she may change," he thinks, "for she is a woman, and her life is like a cold frost on a lone and dismal shore!"

(To be Continued.)

FLOWERS.

PARISIANS are genuine flower-lovers. Even in the densest quarters of Paris you may see, peeping over lofty walls, or at the bottom of some tunnel-like archway, fragments of groves, which, on nearer acquaintance, will be found to be cooled by fountains and adorned by statuary. Romancers exaggerate them into parks, but as a rule they cover only a few square yards. In the Faubourg St. Germain, it is true, there are some delightful gardens of considerable extent, where one may walk by moonlight, and listen to the buzz of the mighty city around.

Those who cannot enjoy the luxury of a plot of ground make gardens in green boxes on their window-sills, or buy pots of sweet basil, the heliotrope, nightshade, jasmin and mignonette, at the Quai aux Fleurs. On certain days of the year—the Ste. Marie, for example, every third person being called by that name—the streets of

Paris resemble a fragrant Birnam wood. Every body is moving about, bearing gigantic bouquets or portentous pots of flowers; for it is the custom to make presents of this kind on such occasions. The imperial flower is the violet—a singular desecration of that modest child of the woods.

CLARA LORRAINE; —OR— THE LUCKY TOKEN.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Clara Lorraine left her aunt's bed-chamber she took her aching head but lightened heart to her own room.

The parting promise which she had received from Mrs. Lorraine cheered her, for henceforth her life in that house would not be a life of idleness. Great things had resulted from more insignificant beginnings than this, she thought, and her ambition taking flight she saw herself in future years promoted to responsible positions, and long before she reached the remote attic chamber she imagined herself duly installed as mistress of a flourishing seminary, where all the pupils looked up to her as their guide, friend and counsellor.

Upon reaching her own room she found her trunk, the little, despised affair which had been the butt of Mabel's ill-bred remarks, standing on one end outside her door, the servant who brought it having saved himself the labour of carrying it within the apartment.

Clara, therefore, with some little effort, dragged it across the threshold, and feeling too sick to unpack she threw herself upon the bed and laid her aching head upon the pillow.

Sleep, like a balmy antidote, came to her relief, and when two hours later, she awoke, she found herself quite free from pain.

In the world outside the tide of fashionable life was setting toward the park, in gay equipages and elegant attire.

Clara, in her attic, could hear the roll of wheels, and though she envied not those favoured mortals at whose bidding carriages went and came, she did long, like a fresh country girl as she was, for a breath of pure air, and a free run on the crisp, frost-hardened earth.

She went to her window, and throwing it wide open, leaned forth to catch some inspiring signs of out-door life, but to her dismay, she found that her high window looked down upon the rear of the house, and that her view was wholly confined to slate roofs and dismal chimneys.

"I won't be baffled in this way," she resolutely and cheerily said. "I'll change my dress and go out, if only for five minutes' run upon the pavement."

She closed the window, and in a trice had attired herself in a neat walking suit; her hat thoroughly brushed, and with its trimmings freshly picked out, was set jauntily on her head, and snatching up her gloves she ran rapidly downstairs.

The front door of the mansion was closed with a hard bang just as she reached the vestibule, and when she timidly opened it to step forth she saw her aunt and cousin Mabel getting into a handsome carriage to take their afternoon drive.

They both looked around as Clara appeared, but without noticing her in any other way than by a cold stare, they settled themselves upon the cushions and drove away.

Clara was so true a lover of the beautiful that nothing which was perfect in form, movement or colour, whether animate or inanimate, escaped her notice.

She was, too, so recently come from her quiet native village as to be a pleased spectator of everything novel in the great city, upon whose

pavements she soon stepped for the first time in daylight.

Consequently, when her uncle's rich carriage, with its handsome, perfectly formed, proudly stepping bays moved off, she could not refrain from stopping a moment to look admiringly after them. Her aunt glanced back, and seeing her standing there, she impatiently exclaimed:

"Just look at the girl, Mabel! This, I suppose, is the beginning of our trial! Without doubt she presented herself at the moment of our going out, thinking to force herself upon us for a drive, but, indeed, I have no notion of being seen in public with such a figure. I should expect visits of condolence the next day from all my acquaintances, and I don't know but that they will be made as it is as soon as our set discovers what an infliction your father has put upon us."

"What's the use of mentioning anything about it, mamma?" returned Mabel, whose rule was always to conquer a difficulty by avoiding it. "What's the need of announcing the arrival of a country cousin? Let those people who see her going in and out of our house suppose she is a sempstress, or something of that sort."

"Easily enough said, Mabel; but no one knows what whim your father may take. Perhaps he will even insist upon her going to the opera with us. He seems determined of late to mortify me in every way possible."

"Mamma!" ejaculated Mabel, in dismay.

"Clara go to the opera? Papa could not be so wild! I tell you, if she goes I shall stay at home!"

Mrs. Lorraine laughed.

"Then the young woman can have the whole box to herself," she said, "for certainly I have no desire to chaperone such a milk-maid. By the way, Mabel, I have resolved to make a certain use of the girl, since she is a fixture in the house. For some time past I have had my doubts as to Miss Irvington's ability as a teacher, so I shall try having Lima study at home, and Clara shall teach her."

Mabel laughed outright.

"Now, mamma," she said, "you have hit upon an excellent plan for revenge."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Lorraine, in surprise.

"I mean simply this: If I had an enemy, and if I could make her undertake the job, I'd set her up as Lima's governess."

"I don't understand you, Miss Lorraine."

"Then, mamma, it must be because maternal love blinds you to the faults of your offspring," said Mabel, impertinently; "for a more deceitful, saucy, disagreeable little thing than Lima is was never set going!"

"Mabel!" exclaimed Mrs. Lorraine, reprovingly. "How dare you speak to me in that manner, and of your sister, too?"

"Sister or not, mamma, you know very well that what I say is the very truth, for Lima's behaviour is so outrageous that you never allow her to enter your room. I only wish you would sometimes use your authority to keep her out of mine. It was only yesterday that she went to my bureau while I was out and cut up my very best piece of point lace into doll rags."

Instead of receiving this bit of information in the way it merited, Mrs. Lorraine laughed.

"You must keep your things out of the child's way," she carelessly said. "Children will be children; you were as bad yourself when you were at her age."

"Very well, mamma. Whether I was or not, I won't have my bureau drawers rummaged in the way Lima has done of late, and I give you fair warning that if she does it again I shall soundly box her ears."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, miss," retorted her mother. "Do as I tell you. Keep your things out of Lima's way and she won't trouble you."

Disputing thus, and enlarging upon topics equally interesting, the two so-called ladies passed the time intervening before their arrival at the Park, where their faces brightened and

were wreathed with smiles as they saluted one after another of their fashionable friends.

"See, mamma! There is Mr. Langton on his new thoroughbred!" cried Mabel. "Does not he ride well? Now confess that, with all your prejudices against him, you do admire him in the saddle."

Mrs. Lorraine's eyes wandered in the direction her daughter indicated, and beheld, at no great distance from them, a young man, dressed in a habit of the latest English style, riding gracefully along in evident enjoyment of the sensation which he believed he was producing. His perfectly-fitting velvet coat showed his fine figure to advantage, and, in his close following of English styles, the eyeglass and the senseless short cane were not omitted.

He greeted the two ladies in the Lorraine carriage with the greatest deference as he passed, but his salutation was returned by the mother with cold politeness, though the daughter's pleased response more than atoned for any lack of cordiality on the part of her companion.

"Mr. Langton has evidently given his mind to his riding," said Mrs. Lorraine, replying to her daughter's last remark; "but let me tell you, Mabel, I particularly caution you against receiving his attentions."

"Why, mamma? Is he not an attractive, handsome young fellow?"

"That has nothing to do with it. I have other designs for you," replied Mrs. Lorraine, decidedly.

The daughter threw her lip out with a slight, scornful toss of the head, and, an instant later, when Mr. Langton again passed the carriage, she bestowed upon him a smile and a nod which, if anything, were more cordial than the first.

Mrs. Lorraine, occupied in returning the greetings of an admirer of her own, did not notice her daughter's disobedience, neither did she observe that, as the objectionable young man passed the carriage the second time, he managed to toss a note into her daughter's lap, which the latter as secretly slipped into her pocket.

In the meantime she slighted and maligned Clara when she had innocently watched the carriage out of sight, turned about and began walking briskly down the street.

The fresh, clear air, the invigorating exercise, and her exuberant spirits, which, recovering quickly from any depression, afforded her an inexhaustible source of solace, buoyed her up like a heavenly elixir.

She soon caught the infection of life in a busy metropolis, and as each countenance which she met, each house which she passed on the handsome terrace, awoke fresh and pleasant trains of thought, she marvelled how unhappiness could exist in a place where everything seemed so bright and fair.

Entertained by the novelty of her position, she insensibly extended her walk beyond the limits she set when starting out, and at length, to her surprise, she found that the early winter's sunset was upon her.

Then, in some alarm, she turned back to retrace her steps, but to her dismay, she found that the street had assumed a totally different aspect from what it had at first worn. Instead of being lined with residences, she now beheld nothing but shops, and the strong upward-moving tide of human beings beating about her so bewildered her that she knew not whither to turn.

Frightened at the idea of being lost in such a Babel, Clara also thought with dread of her uncle's probable anger should she not return at the proper time.

With difficulty extricating herself from the mass of human beings in which she had become involved, she deemed a quieter street a safer course; so, turning a corner, she for some time went on in comparative comfort.

But she presently stopped short as the conviction dawned upon her that she was walking without any certainty as to her course, and that for all she knew she must be going from instead of toward her destination.

"This will never do," she said aloud decidedly, yet looking irresolutely about her. "Pray, sir," she demanded of a gentleman whose kind face as he approached invited the appeal, "will you be kind enough to aid me? I am lost!"

"If it is in my power I will gladly do so," he cheerfully responded. "The crowded streets at this hour may well turn a head unaccustomed to them. What address are you trying to find?"

The gave him the number and the name of the street.

"That is the house of Mr. Lorraine, is it not?"

"Yes," the young girl promptly replied. "Do you know him?"

"Slightly. Come with me and I will show you the place in five minutes. You are nearer it than you fancy. We have only to turn this corner and soon we shall be there. But how does it happen, pray, that you are lost, as you call it?"

"Oh!" she replied, shrugging her shoulders and looking up into the frank face of her questioner with a modest, yet mischievous smile, "I'm a country cousin!"

The gentleman looked down upon his companion and laughed in what she vaguely felt at the time was a knowing kind of a way.

"Have you been here long?" he next asked.

"It seems a long time—a very long time—but I only came last night."

"Twenty-four hours may pass very slowly under some circumstances," was the response. "I can imagine that with uncongenial people, for instance, it would pass very wearily."

Clara looked up quickly into the face of her conductor, for his tone caused her to suspect that he intended more than his words implied, but his imperturbable face did not confirm her thought.

"You said you were from the country," he went on. "Is your home very far from here?"

"Alas, sir," she simply replied, "I have no home, or at least," she added, correcting herself, "none except Mr. Lorraine's. I did live in Westernville, but since—since—(she felt unwilling to mention her mother's sacred name to a stranger)—since last week I have been without a home."

The gentleman looked down upon the young girl's mourning dress, and divining that death might have deprived her of the home to which she alluded, his voice had a touch of sympathetic sadness in it when he next spoke.

"Do you think you shall like the city as well as the country?"

"That depends upon the people whom I shall meet," she simply answered.

"What do you think of those whom you have already seen?"

She hesitated to frankly speak her mind and to tell this chance acquaintance that as yet she had met none whom she at all fancied would have seemed like betraying her uncle's hospitality, neither could she unblushingly say that she liked them. She therefore maintained an embarrassed silence, which her companion considerably broke by calling her attention to objects of interest by the way.

A moment later and they were at Mr. Lorraine's door.

"I seem fated to be brought home," the girl said, as she turned to take leave of her guide. "Last night at the station there was no one to meet me and a friendly policeman showed me the way, and to-night, the first time I have ventured forth since my arrival, I am again brought back by a stranger."

"Pray do not henceforth consider me a stranger," returned the gentleman, who, while the girl spoke, stood regarding her with admiration.

Her plain garb could not conceal her loveliness; neither could it hide the gentleness of nature which her voice revealed, nor the culture which every intonation so plainly indicated. Standing where the fading daylight fell full upon her she was indeed surpassingly beautiful.

"Do not henceforth consider me a stranger."

repeated her conductor, offering her his card. "I call occasionally at Mr. Lorraine's, and since this is your home I trust I shall have the pleasure of meeting you again. Yet for your own sake, young lady, let me caution you against taking long walks about the city until you are better acquainted with localities."

Clara thanked her new friend, both for the trouble she had given him and for his advice, which, had it been a reproof, she would have accepted as merited. Then bidding him good-evening she ran lightly up the steps and entered the house.

As for the gentleman, he remained for a second or two looking after her, and then, with a half sigh, he turned and walked slowly away.

Clara, meanwhile, when she re-entered her uncle's house, felt the elevation of spirits which her walk and her pleasant chat had created, suddenly, and to her most unaccountably, she fell into the same dulness which had assailed her since becoming one of its inmates.

She did not know that houses, like people, exert a cheering or depressing influence upon those who enter them, and she was running hastily through the hall in order to gain her own room to prepare for dinner in season, when she was stopped by Lina, who, rushing out of the drawing-room, called after her:

"I say, Clara, if you are a country girl you're up to some city tricks, now, ain't you?"

"What did you say, Lina?" said Clara, stopping and looking back at her little cousin.

"Oh, I saw you! You needn't play innocent! You can't blind me. I was standing at the front window and saw it all."

"Saw what?" asked Clara.

"Oh, what indeed?" repeated the child. "Oh, what indeed, to be sure. He's one of Mab's beaux, and won't she be mad when she knows of it?"

"Knows of what, Lina?" again demanded Clara, half vexed and half amused by the other's conduct.

"Why, of what you have done, of course, going out all by yourself and staying away until dark and then bringing back a gentleman with you, and one of Mab's gentlemen, too. She'll be mad enough to scratch you!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Clara, turning away impatiently and putting one foot on the lower stair, deeming the child's detention of no further consequence.

"No, you don't!" cried Lina, running forward and placing herself in her way. "You don't get off so easy as that! You've got to pay me something for keeping still!"

"I pay you for keeping still?" returned Clara, pleasantly. "I don't believe you could possibly keep still. It would make a bankrupt of me at once to try to hire you."

"I don't mean that, and you know I don't. You've got to give me something for not telling Mab that you brought that gentleman home with you. If you don't, there'll be an awful row. You don't know how very tempery Mab is!"

"Let me pass, Lina," said Clara, resolutely. "You may tell Mab what you please; I never hire little girls to keep still about what I do, for I never do anything that I'm ashamed of."

She passed the child as she spoke, but as she went on her way she heard the latter call after her:

"You're a mean, stingy thing, and I'll make you sorry! There! You've dropped the gentleman's card, and I'll give it to Mab, and then she'll believe what I tell her."

Clara looked back and saw that she had indeed dropped the card, and that her cousin had snatched it up.

Its possession was a matter of no consequence to her, yet she would have liked to see the name upon it, that, should she ever meet her kind escort again, she might be able to renew her thanks.

She already knew the child well enough to be assured that she could not regain the bit of

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pasteboard, so she laughingly called over the balustrade:

"Lina, read the name, and tell me what it is."

"I shan't do it," retorted Lina, putting the card in her pocket, and looking up at her cousin with one of those muscular contortions which children call "making faces."

"I don't believe you can read writing," said Clara, mischievously.

"I tell you I can, too," replied Lina, taking the card out of her pocket, and going under the chandelier for a better light, she turned it about for a second or two in perplexity, while the amused Clara stood watching her efforts to decipher the peculiar script.

"I can read it, too," reiterated the child, thrusting the card back into her pocket, "but I shan't do it until I get ready;" and turning herself about she whisked her short skirts into the parlour, whence from the piano there presently came such ruinous sounds as might convince one that, for the present, mischief and destruction had been carried into other quarters.

Clara went on to her room with secret misgivings as to what her experience would be in her efforts to teach and to train this wayward, spoiled child; but long before she reached her bed-chamber she bravely made up her mind that the harder the task the more valuable to herself the experiment would be.

That evening at dinner, while the heads of the family were carrying on an animated discussion, Lina slyly called her sister's attention to the card in her possession.

"Where did you get that?" demanded Mabel, instantly making a movement to snatch it from the other's hand.

"Don't you wish you knew?" replied the younger sister, dexterously evading the elder's purpose, and for greater security she bobbed up in her chair and seated herself upon the object in dispute. "Don't you wish you knew, now? I got it this afternoon."

"Did Mr. Earnshaw call while I was away?"

The child lifted a spoonful of soup to her lips, and, unrepented, threw the contents into her mouth with a loud inhalation.

"He had something very particular to say," Lina went on, "and I guess he was awful sorry you were out; but somebody else was glad of it."

"What do you mean, minx?" demanded Mabel, angrily.

Then, moderating her tone, she said:

"Come, now, Lina, tell me and I'll give you something. Did he really say he especially wanted to see me?"

"What will you give if I tell you all about it?"

"What do you want?"

The child considered for a moment.

"Give me your new fan!"

"Indeed! That one with ivory and gold sticks? I shan't do it!—you'd break it up in five minutes."

"Then give me that little gold riding-cap on your watch-chain."

"No, I can't give you that; it was a present from a friend."

"I know who the friend is, for I saw him when he gave it to you. It was that gentleman in glasses who rides by here every day in a velvet coat."

"Hush, Lina!" tried Mabel, reddening and casting a frightened glance towards her mother.

Lina noticed the glance and instantly exclaimed:

"Oh, miss, I see what you're afraid of! You don't want mamma to know, but I'll tell her. Mamma!"

"Hush, Lina, do!" begged Mabel in an alarmed whisper. "Keep still and you shall have the new fan."

"Honestly?"

"Yes, honestly. I'll get it for you as soon as dinner is over."

"Won't you back out?"

"No; but you must tell me about Mr. Earnshaw, too."

"Well, then; he didn't come to see you at all."

"Who did he come to see?"

Lina pointed to Clara, who had been a silent witness of this scene. Mabel looked at her cousin in surprise, and her eyes kindled with anger. Lina went on:

"Clara went out to meet him, and they both came home together. He gave her the card when they got to the door."

Clara, flushing with indignation at the child's effrontery, opened her lips to vindicate herself, but before she could speak, Mabel angrily claimed her mother's attention.

(To be Continued.)

THE INTERNATIONAL AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION AT KILBURN.

(By OUR OWN REPORTER.)

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINERY.

NEVER before has such a collection of machinery and agricultural implements been exhibited as that which was a special feature at the show at Kilburn. The museum of ancient and modern machinery indicates very forcibly the rapid strides that have been made during the past thirty-eight years since the first show of the Society was held, when there were only some twenty exhibitors in the mechanical department. However interesting a history of the development of agricultural engineering might be, it is impossible briefly to trace the details of such progress. For general excellence of design and workmanship the present exhibition far excelled its predecessors.

Many novelties were to be seen, notably, the gas engines which attracted great attention, having the advantage of dispensing with boilers and expensive chimney-stacks, and of course the cost of coal, and the nuisance in the removal of ashes, which renders them specially adapted for use in large towns, and also for private establishments, and we hear an extensive business is being done in this class of engine, and a great improvement has been made in one which utilises the heat of the gas to create steam, which in conjunction with the gas nearly doubles the power of the engine. Owing to the large area covered by the lighter classes of machinery and implements, and the great difficulty in approaching many of the stands owing to the state of the ground, many exhibits were not to be inspected satisfactorily.

J. and F. Howard, of Bedford, occupied a prominent position with their implements and machinery to the right from the entrance gates. They showed self-lifting wheel harrows, for use both as drag harrows and as light scarifiers. They possess an advantage over the ordinary drag harrows in being mounted upon wheels, which, whilst diminishing the draught, allows of ready adjustment for harrowing the land deeper or shallower as may be required.

Clayton and Shuttleworth, Lincoln, among their exhibits, had two machines deserving special notice—an improved portable steam-power shaft-cutter, which is capable of cutting straw as it is thrashed by any ordinary travelling thrashing machine and a "special thrashing machine. This machine is specially adapted for use in the neighbourhood of large cities, where the straw requires to be tied up for sale."

A machine was exhibited on Stand 436, by the Patent Steam Boiler Company, Birmingham, under the name of Knap's Patent Mechanical Stoker and Smoke Consumer. The fuel being regularly thrown on to the front of the bars only, and there ignited, the black smoke, in

passing over the bright fire to the backs of the bars, gets thoroughly consumed, and it is contended that this is really the only arrangement by which the law which says that all steam boilers and furnaces shall consume their own smoke, can be obeyed. If this can be accomplished, it follows that a great saving in fuel must be effected.

The numerous exhibits of the Bristol Waggon Works Company, Limited, which occupied a position on the right of the principal avenue leading from the main entrance, came in for a large share of attention, in consequence of a notice containing the words "Sold to the Prince of Wales" being affixed to a vehicle described as a Double-seat Croydon Car. An important award was made in the competition for a special prize offered by the Mansion House Committee for waggons conveying perishable goods by rail. The judges report that this competition was confined to only two exhibitors—one of which was the Swansea Waggon Company (No. 11,845), and the other that of Mr. William D'Alton Mann, of the Junior Atheneum Club (No. 11,847).

The meat which was used as a test was slaughtered on the night of June 18, and the poultry and rabbits on the morning of the 19th, the whole of which the judges saw carefully placed in the respective vans on the afternoon of the 19th. After these vehicles had been conveyed to Holyhead and back in charge of three officials of the Society they were placed in the showyard until opened on the afternoon of Saturday, the 23rd. After this very severe test the judges found the meat, poultry, and rabbits in good condition, but in van No. 11,847 indications of mould and decay showed themselves on the quarters of beef and the pork; the kidneys of the sheep were also slightly affected. The trucks were again closed and left untouched until Monday, the 30th, and were then finally examined.

There was no doubt in the minds of the judges of the superior condition and market value of the contents of No. 11,845, and the judges therefore considered this van to have carried out the conditions on which the premium was to be awarded. The average temperature of van 11,845, both in transit and when stationary, was 30° 3'; that of 11,847 49° 37'. The premium of £50 and the gold medal was therefore awarded to the Swansea Waggon Company, and the judges recommended that a commendation be given to Mr. Mann for the principles of construction and finish of the van he exhibited.

James Smyth and Sons, Peasenhall, who have an old reputation for their corn drills, exhibited their new patent Nonpareil, a handy machine suitable for all soils and countries. It is very light of draught, very simple, and exceedingly efficient.

Thomas Hunter, Maybole, showed his new patented single drill turnip-topping and tailing machine. An alteration has been made in it, an arm having been cut away, which interfered with the free scope of the leaves as they fell away, and the clogging which formerly took place has now been obviated.

Ransome, Sims, and Head, Ipswich, ranking among the oldest implement makers in the kingdom, made a good display of the large variety of engines, machines, and implements they construct.

Jeffery and Blackstone, of Stamford, had this year an unusually large display of their manufactures, including vertical engines, haymakers, horse rakes, chaff cutters, and horse gear, some of which are new, and many have been greatly improved since last year.

Brig, Larr, and Co., Berwick, had several patent drill rollers, press-wheel rollers, and clothe crushers; these are most used in Scotland.

John Fowler and Co.'s exhibits comprised five distinct branches, all closely connected with the cultivation of land by steam power, and with the general management of agricultural operations on a large scale.

The Johnston Harvester Co. showed a prize reaper, their Continental reaper, their wrought

iron harvester, combined mower and reaper, and their grain binder.

A. and J. Main and Co., Glasgow, had a galvanized iron covered hay or grain shed, 45 feet long by 20 feet wide and 14 feet high, fitted with bases for filling in concrete, fire proof, and so secured that the shunts cannot be lifted with the wind. Also a galvanized iron store 35 feet long by 25 feet wide. It is so constructed and framed that it can be converted into a two-story building.

Richard Garrett and Sons, Leiston Works, Suffolk, showed several engines and machines.

Samuelson and Co., of Banbury, Oxon, on Stand No. 11 had a large display of reaping machines and grass mowers, prominent among which was the new "Imperial" reaper. This machine is of the class known as self-sheaving; its chief characteristic being the provision of a hinged beam and platform which enables three portions of the machine to be readily raised to a vertical position so that the reaper occupies a width of within 4 ft, enabling it to travel along lanes and pass with facility through narrow gateways.

Gilbert Sinkwell, Dunstable, showed on Stand 124 a variety of useful implements and machines.

Saville Street Foundry and Engineering Co. (Limited), Sheffield, showed on Stand No. 418, one of Hall's patent differential geared farmers' bone-crushing mills.

A. Campbell and Co., Thrapston (Stand 459), exhibited several engines of from two to six h.p., some of which being fitted with three or four wheels, are very suitable for farm and general purposes; also an improved vertical combined engine and boiler.

Corbett and Peel, Shrewsbury (Stand 181), had a good collection of grain and seed dressing machinery, food preparing machinery, cultivating implements for horse power, harvesting machinery, and dairy utensils.

John Crowley and Co., Sheffield, exhibited their Paris gold medal prize safety hoe, chaff cutters (Edwards' patent), which starts, stops, reverses the feed, and changes the length of cut with one lever.

T. Bowick, of Bedford, had his new patent cow milking apparatus which is well worthy of notice, although some delay in the stages of procedure with a third English patent prevented the exhibitor showing his invention as fully as he wished.

Woods, Cockedge, and Co., Stowmarket, besides a collection of engines, had a good many improved mills, root cutters, cake breakers, and agricultural carts.

A. Handyside and Co., of Derby, exhibited several reaping and mowing machines on Phillip's patents.

Harrison, McGregor and Co., Leigh, had a prominent display of their Albion mower, which was very successful in trials on the Continent last year.

Ord and Maddison, Darlington, showed the Koldmoos weed eradicator, Junginson's patent, a Danish invention, which removes weeds from among young corn.

E. H. Bentall and Co., Malden, showed an extensive exhibit of chaff cutters, kibbler, and turnip cutters.

G. H. Innes, Royston, made a good display of harrows and ploughs and other implements, and exhibited a new drum guard (Hunt's patent) for portable steam-engines and thrashing machines.

Dening and Co., Chard (Stand 389), exhibited their new and improved sheep-dipping apparatus, which is stated to be capable of dipping one or two thousand sheep in a day.

Charles Burrell and Sons, Thetford, exhibited a large collection of engines and machines of their manufacturing, including two 14 horse-power steam ploughing engines for working on the double engine (Fowler's) system.

CHEESE. — Mr. Allender, of the Aylesbury Dairy Company, is to be congratulated on his success in

arranging the large tent under whose shelter cheese and butter making were being performed each day of the Show. It was a treat to Londoners to see how cheese and butter are produced from milk, and from what they saw in the dairy tent we believe they will derive an increased respect for these articles of food. A dairymaid from one of the most noted of the Cheshire dairy farms was there to make the cheese, and butter is made by English, French, and German butter makers.

One of the leading features in the tent, among the dairy implements, was a rotating butter worker, which performs the necessary manipulations to get out the butter-milk after the churning is completed, and the butter in this case has no need to be touched by hand at all; this, particularly in hot weather, is a great advantage, as but few persons have hands cold enough not to do harm to butter in working it. Hence we think this mechanical butter worker, which for some years past has been in common use in America and Northern Europe, though not at all in England, will soon come into general use in the British Islands.

Another feature of the dairy was an improved milk-vat, made by Mr. Clutton, of Tipton, and specially designed for cheese making. It consists of an inner shell of tin and an outer one of sheet iron, the space between them being occupied by steam or hot water for heating the milk or with cold water for cooling it, when these things are required to be done. The simplicity of this milk-vat cannot fail to commend itself to all practical cheese makers.

BUTTER.

We must decidedly object to the statement that we English have lost the art of butter-making, for many of the entries were simply perfect, and in no sense behind the finest French or German butter. Lord Chesham has long been a most successful exhibitor of superb butter, and the sample this year exhibited in his name was in no wise inferior to its predecessors. Some of the best samples were made from the milk of Jersey cows. It is evident that we have not lost the art of making superb butter, though it is none the less true that we make it to a very limited extent. This is a misfortune. We believe that English dairymaids could make butter as fine as that produced by the best makers in Normandy, providing only they took the same pains with it. Some of them do, indeed, make as fine butter as the world ever saw, and what these can do is within the reach of all the rest.

Ireland would, under proper systems, produce, perhaps, the best butter in the world, but at present there is very little good butter made in the country; there is, however, one sample from County Cork, which, so far as appearance is a guide, was scarcely second to any in the Show.

The entries of butter from northern Europe— from Sweden, Denmark, Jutland, and Finland, most particularly— were very numerous and very good. The system of setting milk, invented by Mr. Swartz, and called after his name, is the one on which nearly all the excellent butter which we get from northern Europe is made. On this system the milk is set to cream in deep cans that are placed in ice-water.

The American butters were a failure. Most of the samples were off in flavour, having lost it on the way. We think there must be something more than mere travel to account for this, and we hope to see the cause made clear.

SEEDS, MANURES, AND MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITS. — Carter and Co., High Holborn, made a most prominent display, occupying a space of nearly 1,000 ft. Their new and handsome Stand, which was very tastefully decorated, contained an interesting museum of roots, seeds, and vegetables, including 560 sacks and glass cases of prize medal seeds.

Sutton and Sons, Reading, made, as usual, a large and attractive display on their stand, some 200 ft. in length. On this was arranged a collection of 250 specimens of natural grasses, 1,000 different kinds of vegetables, flowers, farm

and grass seeds in glass cases, 300 sorts of home-grown seeds of the above, a fine collection of mangel roots of the growth of last year, some of which were grown to the enormous weight of 110 tons to the acre, and an extensive collection of models of roots and vegetables. Of course in so large a display it is quite impossible to individualise or enumerate. The public, who inspected the collection, formed with such pains and care, were fully able to appreciate its agricultural importance and educational value.

Webb and Sons, Wordsley, Stourbridge, made a very creditable display of agricultural seeds, roots, and grasses on a stand occupying about 200 ft.

J. and W. King, Coggeshall, had a fine collection of his hardy prize stocks of agricultural roots from ordinary field crop specimens, and clean dressed and well harvested samples of his seed.

Ohlendorff and Co., London, made a good display of their Dissolved German guano and phosphatic manures, containing a very high percentage of soluble phosphate of lime.

Morris and Griffin, Wolverhampton, had on their Stand a good collection of their special manures, sold by guaranteed analyses, adapted for various crops.

The Department of Science and Art exhibited its travelling field collection, which is the first time it has been shown at the Royal Society, and therefore afforded many of the visitors an opportunity of taking a glance at it, although scarcely time for proper study and appreciation of its interest and importance.

There was also a show of wool, bees, honey, hops, cider, perry, and provisions.

Owing to the extensive area available the society were able to be more liberal in admitting miscellaneous objects. Great efforts were made by the horticulturists and nurserymen to give a degree of ornamentation to the show-yard by raised embankments of flowers and similar green awards, &c., but the difficulties of cold and wet weather were too great to be overcome in the time available. The state of confusion in the yard was such that it was utterly impossible to make a fair or consecutive inspection of the stands or to ascertain what were their novelties and improvements demanding special notice. We could, therefore, merely bestow a rapid survey on some of the principal exhibits.

As an illustration of the bid Canada is making for agricultural labourers, with the aid of the Canadian Government the Beaver line of steamers running from Liverpool are now carrying emigrants at £4 per head.

It is announced that there will probably be a review in Hyde Park of City of London Volunteers by the Duke of Cambridge before the close of this season, numbering altogether between 6,000 and 7,000 men.

The number of visitors to the Crystal Palace for the week ending June 28th was 103,069. It is many years since the attendance in any one week has reached 100,000.

The pictures lent by Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince of Wales to the Sydney Exhibition have been shipped on board the "City of London," which has left the West India Dock for the Antipodes.

The beautiful prayer composed by the Prince Imperial, was found, not amongst his papers, but in the Prayer-book which he commonly used, and seems to have been drawn up by him for constant meditation.

An authority on swimming, writing apropos of the late contests and their practical advantage, thinks that it is, perhaps, not saying too much to aver that there never was a really good swimmer who learned to swim after he had ceased to grow. By a good swimmer he means one who can do any amount without resting, and get over his two miles an hour without the aid of the current. This he considers the accurate practical test of capacity.

July 26, 1879.



[THE NEW HEIR.]

THE HEIRESS OF A MONTH.

It was a stifling day in July. The sultry wind, which now and then stirred the dingy curtains of my school-room, and ruffled the flaxen curls on sleeping urchins' foreheads, seemed only to render the heat more unbearable.

I listened stupidly to recitations, taking no note of blunders, but marking everybody "up" impartially, and thinking the while how tired and dusty I was, and how thankful I should be to see the clock hands at half-past four, and know that my task was over and done.

When my time of freedom came I would go home, re-curl my hair, array myself in a blue muslin, and proceed to the pleasant duty of torturing John Smith, the only son and heir of Nehemiah Smith, Esquire, in the bosom of whose family I was domiciled.

We would play croquet together. John would hit my toes with his mallet, and stand on the hem of my dress, after which misadventures he would blush, and say, dolefully:

"I did not mean to, Miss Graham; I am so very clumsy."

"It is no matter," I would reply, smilingly, compensating myself by looking savagely at the wretched being when his back was turned.

Good girls, who had smiled vainly upon John previous to my coming, would see us and say,

as they had said all along, that they could not see anything in me, and wonder for the hundredth time why such a little dirt should have been chosen as guide and instructor for the youthful hopes of Putney.

They could not dream how weary and hopeless and discouraged I felt, in spite of my blue muslin and frequent laughter. Yes, I was wretched after a fashion, for I did not like to teach, and was pitifully weak-minded and destitute of ambition to battle with and overcome the world.

I only wanted pretty clothes, and somebody to love me and pay my bills without grumbling. John Smith would be more than willing to do both; and at times his father's corn land, and woodland, and "cattle on a thousand hills," half tempted me to give him the blessed privilege; but when I heard him talking through his nose, or singing fearfully out of tune, my heart would become steeled against him.

In all Putney there was not another "eligible" save Mr. Billings, who wore a wig, and was the fortunate possessor of four tombstones in the village burial-ground, on which were commemorated the virtues of his four departed helpmates. The sight of the venerable gentleman always recalled Bluebeard to my mind; and, in spite of poverty and hard work, I was still very much in love with life, and so—so I walked the beaten track of my meditations, till a small voice at my ear piped:

"Teacher, somebody's knocking at the door."

I descended from my perch and approached

the portal, at which stood John Smith, blushing terribly, and holding in his hand a letter.

"It was marked 'Important,' and so I thought somebody might be dead," he said, with which lucid utterance he hurried away, followed by my dilatory thanks in high C.

There was nobody of my kith and kin except my aunt, an elderly person whom I had not seen since my childhood, when, during a visit to my mother, she had whipped me severely for stealing raspberry jam. On my next birthday I had indited her a dutiful epistle, under paternal direction, the effect of which was marred somewhat by my slipping into the envelope a note, couched in terse and vigorous English, wherein I gave her to understand that I hated her, and had only been induced to play the hypocrite by a promise of a new tea-set for my doll.

Enraged, she informed my mother in return that she washed her hands of us all, and from that day I had heard nothing of her nor from her. She was very rich, I knew; but, of course I had no hope of sharing in her bounty, and had long before made up my mind that her fortune would go for endowing a female college in Central Africa, or a divinity school in the Marques Islands, resigning myself to the inevitable accordingly.

Was she dead at last? And if so, who had been mindful enough of the tender affection which existed between us to send me notice of her demise?

I opened the letter and read its contents, after which I sat motionless till four o'clock struck, the small-fry around me playing cat's cradle and fox and geese the while, with all the energy of which their extremely heated condition would admit.

I was rich! My aunt was dead, and had left me her entire fortune. Not a penny of it had gone to orphan asylums or old ladies' retreats, or bootblacks' homes. Nobody in the wide world had she remembered except two ancient servants, whom she had pensioned off as in duty bound. I was the mistress of hundreds of thousands, for aught I knew. My eyes refused to discern the figures correctly. Was ever such marvellous good fortune as mine?

Half an hour before time, I dismissed school; then, looking around the empty room to make sure that I was alone, I clapped my hands, cried a little, and laughed a good deal; after which I walked out, leaving the door wide open behind me.

That evening I did not play croquet, but packed my trunk instead, and paced the floor of my chamber, meditating on new dresses, diamonds, and endless shopping tours.

Next morning I resigned promptly, leaving my flock to turn somersaults on the green, and eat candy in my honour; and John Smith, despair written on every feature of his lovely countenance, drove me to the nearest station, where I took the train for London.

My aunt's lawyer, Mr. Whitman, whom I was to consider as my guardian, met me at the journey's end, and rescued me from a mob of cabmen, whom I was contemplating with mingled awe and admiration. He scrutinised me carefully, and I felt very small, and made sundry efforts to rub the dust off my nose when he was not looking.

Our destination was his sister's house, where I was greeted by a majestic woman, the splendour of whose costume filled me with wonder and envy; and the two settled my future, while I stared furtively at the gorgeous upholstery, and winked very hard to make sure that I was really awake.

As I belonged to nobody, and had strong prejudice against being controlled, Mr. Whitman, my guardian, selected a suite of rooms for me, and provided me with a companion, a decayed lady of vast pretensions, and a lineal descendant of one of the Pilgrim Fathers, whose virtues she was never weary of narrating.

And now my happiness had begun. I shopped, and was cheated in bargains up to my heart's desire. I went into raptures over paste gems, thinking them real, and was regarded by clerks

with pitying contempt, which was not lessened, even when I signed cheques with a great flourish, under their august eyes.

I visited art galleries, and went to musical reunions, invariably admiring what I should not, and walking through a tangled maze of blunders each hour of my existence. Young ladies called on me, and told me that I had "no style," and advised me to wear my hair differently. Their mammas called too, and asked me to subscribe to various long-named societies, all of which I did with the most praiseworthy meekness.

My gentlemen acquaintances I soon counted by scores, and their devotion was something fearful and wonderful. I was surfeited with attention, which I felt to be wholly due to my transcendent merits, and I grew daily vainer in consequence.

The new life was one long delight. The old was dim and far away, as a dream; and no reminder of the humble estate, which was once mine, came to chasten exultation. Across my path there fell but one shadow, and that was cast by Mr. Whitman, who persisted in looking grave, and giving me large doses of advice, which I took with much reluctance and many grimaces.

A month had elapsed since I left Putney, and I was lounging in a delicious easy-chair, in my pet room, thinking of all the delights which had been crowded into those few days, and saying, with dreamy content, "It will always be the same," as though I had a talisman against wrinkles and grey hairs, sorrow and disappointment. Beside me lay a note from my guardian, but I was too indolent to open it. By-and-bye, when it came time to dress, I might, perhaps, be equal to the effort. Meanwhile it could wait. Why did not some spirit whisper to me that a few weeks ago I taught school all day, and was not, by any means, over-fatigued in consequence?

Ah, the spirit had turned traitor to me, in my prosperity.

Later, while Mary was brushing my hair, I took up the note, which consisted of two lines only, informing me that Mr. Whitman would call that evening on business of importance.

I was due at Mrs. Lewis's party, and I made up my mind to go in spite of his request. All the same, I remained at home, the truth being, although I did not confess it to myself, that I was a little afraid of my guardian.

With the deepening shades of night he came, looking grave and anxious, more so than usual, and, as we shook hands, he contemplated me as if I were an object of pity, which, to the best of my belief, I certainly was not.

"My dear Miss Graham," he said, with a funeral intonation, "I have very unpleasant news for you, which, I hope, you will bear bravely. I hardly know how to tell you, but your aunt—"

A pause. Had my aunt come to life again? If she had, I should certainly enjoy an interview with her.

"What about my aunt?" I asked, impatiently.

"She made another will," he replied, jerkily, "a year or more after the one in which she bequeathed her property to you, and in this later will she leaves her fortune to her husband's nephew, without reserve."

A long silence followed, which was finally broken by a striking and brilliant observation on my part.

"She must have been fond of making wills."

Mr. Whitman smiled grimly, by way of reply.

"Perhaps another will may be found taking the money from him just as he has begun to enjoy it," I suggested, the wish being father to the thought.

"I am so sorry for you, my child," my guardian answered, ignoring my remark.

His kind tone brought tears, but I choked them back, not yet being ready for weeping.

"Where is this nephew, and what is he?" I asked, speaking as steadily as possible.

"He is in America; a clerk in a commission house there. His name is Charles Richmond. He is about twenty-nine years old, and, I think, unmarried," replied Mr. Whitman, as though he were repeating a catalogue.

"I hate him!" I said to myself, and specu-

lated momentarily on the chance of his coming to an untimely end on his way home.

Mr. Whitman talked on and on. He might have been Plato himself, and I should not have heeded him. At last, seeing my inattention, he rose to go. I bade him good-bye, mechanically, listened till his footsteps had died away, then buried my face in the sofa-cushions, and burst into a passion of tears.

Next day I inspected my possessions, with a virtuous determination not to renounce one of them, albeit they were bought with money which rightfully belonged to Mr. Richmond. Then I wandered about, dazed and uncertain, while Mrs. Tucker cried aimlessly in out-of-the-way places. Dinner and tea tasted like straw. At night I sobbed myself to sleep once more.

After a few days passed in a similar manner, I rose to the height of the occasion, sought out some cheap lodgings, and made application for a position as teacher; then I sat down again to await the arrival of Mr. Charles Richmond, who came with ill-omened speed.

I was sitting alone, thinking busily, when his arrival was announced; and arrayed, like Mr. Tennyson's Enid, in a faded robe, I descended to the parlour to greet the unwelcome newcomer. My eyes were red, my aspect was woe-begone, and I felt that, if he were human, his conscience would reproach him for the misery he had caused me.

My guardian brought forward a young man, who shook hands with me as warmly as though he were about to do me some great favour, saying at the same time:

"Miss Graham, I am so sorry for what has happened."

"Not so sorry as I am," I responded, at which he smiled, though why I could not see; to me it was no smiling matter.

Then Mr. Whitman spoke, and by degrees I comprehended that Mr. Richmond wished me to retain half of my aunt's fortune. At the proposition all my latent amiability displayed itself.

"I will not!" I said, with emphasis. "Not the value of a penny will I touch (except the pretty things upstairs,") I interpolated, mentally. "I have not the shadow of a claim upon Mr. Richmond's charity. I have earned my bread before, I can earn it again!"

At the worst, there was John Smith—I leaned upon the thought of him, and found it a tower of strength.

"You are a brave girl," said Mr. Whitman, at the close of my speech, but he still continued his pleading.

Mr. Richmond pleaded, too, and even more with his eyes than with his tongue; but I remained sweetly and placidly obstinate. The conference ended. We had lunch, at which I presided, pouring Mr. Richmond's coffee from his own silver urn, and spitefully watching him, as he drank it, with evident enjoyment. Mine choked me, so that I could not swallow it.

Farewell over, I secreted myself behind a window curtain, and watched the gentlemen, or rather one of them, Mr. Richmond, as he descended the steps. He was handsome, there was no denying that; handsomer than any of my admirers, who, by the way, had been of late strangely forgetful of me, their whilom idol.

I wondered whether Mr. Richmond would marry one of the young ladies who so kindly informed me that I had "no style," and I found no comfort in the conjecture.

I had been a tenant of a small attic room for several weeks; longer, in fact, than I had been an heiress, and found that teaching in a city was even less pleasant than in Putney, where birds sang in the dooryard trees, and leaves and blossoms drifted in at the open window. Had I been weary and discouraged up there? I was doubly so here, where the thought of my lost joys came daily to torment me. I was lonely, too. Mrs. Tucker had vanished like a vision, and my new friends were one and all lost to me as though they had been swallowed up by an earthquake.

Nobody, except Mr. Whitman, was left, unless I counted Mr. Richmond. He had called repeatedly, had invited me to drive with him, to attend the theatre and opera, had sent me a bouquet every day without fail. The invitations I had declined; the bouquets I threw out of the window. Not but what I longed sorely to keep them; but they were bought with money which should have been mine; and so I destroyed them on principle. In spite of my snubbings, he continued to press civilities upon me. Why could he not see that I disliked him, and despised that sense of duty which prompted his attentions? Perhaps he did.

I was trying to finish a novel by the fast waning light when word was brought up that Mr. Richmond insisted upon seeing me, and in answer to the lordly summons I laid aside my book just at the most thrilling portion, and sought the presence of the author of my woes, armed trebly with dignity, vexation and resentment.

My visitor's usual calm assurance for once had deserted him, and he regarded my austere countenance with a look of anxiety. Could it be, I said to myself, that another will had turned up, enriching some unknown relative at his expense? From the bottom of my heart I hoped so.

I was not left much time for conjecture, for, after a moment's hesitation, he began:

"Nellie"—the familiar mode of address made me open my eyes widely—"Nellie, I am afraid I shall blunder fearfully in what I am about to say, for it is a new experience for me; but I—I love you, and want you to be my wife, and take back the wealth of which you have been so unjustly deprived. Will you?"

"No!" I said, regarding him indignantly, and marvelling at his depravity. "No, I will not; for I do not love you at all. On the contrary, I dislike you most bitterly. If it had not been for you," I went on with feminine illogicalness, "I should have been a rich, care-free woman, instead of a little, wretched, poverty-stricken schoolmistress. Nor do you love me in the least! Mr. Whitman has suggested, I suppose, this mode of making amends for the misfortune you have caused me, and you have dutifully followed his advice." Tears of shame filled my eyes at the thought, and it was with difficulty that I could finish my sentence. "Thank you for your generous offer, and the opinion of me which prompted you to make it."

"But, Nellie—Miss Graham," he began.

I felt I should cry if the man stayed a moment longer; so I said, abruptly:

"Please to consider our interview ended, Mr. Richmond."

And rising, I marched out of the room, looking as haughty as my five feet two incies would admit of.

The months had run their course, and it was summer again. Nothing had happened, nothing would ever happen, I thought to myself, longing for something which might break in upon the monotony of my existence.

I wanted to go somewhere. I could have gratefully accepted a bouquet had one been tendered me. I was even abject enough to let my thoughts occasionally dwell on John Smith. It seemed to me that I was a hundred years older than I had been a year ago, and I craved a return to my country home, that I might see if some new wine of youth would not be given me there to drink.

Visitors I had none, for Mr. Whitman was absent from the city, so the world for me was narrowed to the bounds of my little sky parlour, where I sat and communed with the spirit of my departed aunt, and reproached her for her sinful capriciousness.

Occasionally I imposed a trifle more bitterness into my bowl of porridge, by speculating about Mr. Richmond's wife, her taste in dress, and the amount of spending money which that generous-hearted man was likely to allow her. Such a train of thought always resulted, however, in making me cough a great deal, and see haloes around the street lamps.

On one especial afternoon I was impelled by a desire to look pretty; so I took out all my last year's finery and tried it on, selecting at last the most becoming costume, which was not the

July 26, 1879.

less charming for being a twelvemonth behind the fashion. What would it have mattered if it had been a relic of the days of Queen Bass herself when there was no one to criticise or praise me.

There was one advantage about my sky parlour. From its upward-looking windows I could see next to nothing, so that my meditations were never disturbed. But, on the afternoon in question, it ceased to be an advantage, as I was in a reflective mood, and preferred gazing at my fellow-mortals, so I went down.

The parlour windows did not look on a very crowded thoroughfare. Patient watching was rewarded only by the sight of five nursery-maids, an organ-grinder, two old women, a milkman, and the grocer's boy.

Discouraged, I crossed the room and tried to evoke some music from the piano. It was a pathetic little instrument, whose mournful tunes seemed intended as apologies for its own unworthiness, and I shuddered at the result of my endeavours.

In the midst of a polka, which sounded remarkably like a dirge, the door opened, and laying hand upon the keys, which groaned in unison, I turned to inspect the visitor.

It was Mr. Richmond! He was paler and thinner than when we last met, at which I secretly rejoiced, without knowing why I did so. I offered him my hand as a token of gratitude for the way in which he had left me to my own devices for the past six months. He grasped it eagerly, and the pressure hurt my fingers; so I withdrew it in haste.

"I have something to tell you, which will astonish you very much," he said, after the customary greetings had been exchanged. "The cashier of the bank in which my fortune was placed has defaulted, and fled, leaving the bank's affairs in an utterly ruined condition, and I am as poor to-day as when I left America.

I was glad, heartily glad, and told him so with charming candour.

"So am I, Nellie," he responded, with provoking cheerfulness. "Because now there is some hope that you will believe me, when I tell you that I love you, and have loved you from our first meeting."

Astonishment took away my self-possession.

"Can you?" I asked, with the air of one in search of information.

Then I got off the piano-stool and walked with Mr. Richmond to the sofa, where I pulled hairs from out the tattered cover and waited for inspiration.

"Tell me, Nellie," my companion urged, pertinaciously, "I am poor and unfortunate now—don't you love me a little, a very little?"

"I cannot tell," I replied, meditatively, as though considering some difficult question, looking down, and now picking the hair from the ragged sofa more nervously than ever.

But in fact I was not so much puzzled as I affected to be. A new light was breaking upon me. I felt that, but for my pride, I would have loved Mr. Richmond long ago.

"Nellie!" he said again, imploringly, trying to look into my averted eyes.

"Perhaps! Perhaps I may, after a while," I stammered. "At any rate I will try if that will do as well."

He had me in his arms before I had finished.

"My darling, my darling!" he cried.

But after a while, what do you think he did? Why, he said, with impertinence beyond parallel, and half laughter:

"I was sure you loved me all along. It was my money—now, wasn't it?—that made you pretend to hate me."

What can you do with men? What could I do, at any rate, after what I had said? We were married soon after. My lover would hear of no delay, and Mr. Whitman, who returned to town in a few days, seconded him. So, before the summer was over, I became a bride; and a happy one too I will be frank enough to admit.

Well, our wedding tour was over, and we were again in London. But to my surprise, my husband, instead of taking me to cheap lodgings,

as I had been led to suppose, ordered the cab-driver to go to one of the fashionable streets in Bayswater.

"What does this mean?" I said, as we drew up before a handsome house, where a footman stood waiting at the door; and I drew back.

"It means, darling, that I have practised a little trick on you, for which I hope a lifetime's devotion will win my pardon. I am not ruined. My bank cashier did not run away."

"You mean, darling, that I have practised a little trick on you, for which I hope a lifetime's devotion will win my pardon. I am not ruined. My bank cashier did not run away."

But of course I took his hand and allowed him to lead me up the steps, for it would not do, I knew, to make a scene before the servants. And somehow I never thought to make a scene at all.

One can't do it when one is really in love, and I was desperately in love with my handsome husband by this time.

Besides, in my secret heart, I was not sorry he was rich instead of poor. It would be nonsense to pretend otherwise. So I forgave him for his little deception, especially when he said, saucily, as he kissed me:

"Don't you remember you said, only the other night, all was fair in love and war?" J. C.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

"IL RE DI LAHORE," the grand spectacular opera, in five acts, by M. Massenet, originally produced at the Paris Opera, April 17, 1877, has been produced for the first time. M. Massenet has been made known to many English amateurs through the efforts of Madame Viard-Louis, at whose concerts the composer's suites d'orchestre and other pieces were performed under the direction of Mr. West Hill. We know nothing here of M. Massenet as an operatic composer, but in Paris he had won no little reputation with his opera "Don Cesar de Bazan," a work written in quite a different style from Wallace's opera on the same subject, "Le Roi de Lahore" is essentially a spectacular work in the first instance, but it has the great merit of not being merely a show piece. The music, while agreeing with the story, is not sacrificed to it, but legitimately develops and heightens the dramatic effect. With regard to the performance, we can commend in the warmest terms the completeness and magnificence of the mise en scène and the competence of the artistes. Seldom, indeed, has a new and difficult work been placed upon the stage so elaborately, and the care bestowed upon it was evident in the fact that there was not a hitch from beginning to end. M. Lassalle's rendering of Scindia was simply magnificent. Finer baritone singing than his it is impossible to hear at the present day. M. Lassalle has all the best qualities of the French school without any of its defects. To see and hear M. Lassalle only in this opera would be worth a visit to Covent Garden. In other characters ample justice is done to the work. The chorus was admirable, and it had plenty of work to do; while the heartiness with which Signor Vianesi accomplished his duties as conductor should not be overlooked, as the labours of the conductor are by no means slight.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A "new and original comedy drama," in three acts, entitled "Sweet Bells Jangled," has been produced here. The piece excited considerable interest among the majority of those who had deserted the unusual summer weather to be present. The action of the drama takes place at Maison Gris, the house of the De la Touche family, situated in the island of Jersey, near St. Heliers. There is an underplot—if so

it may be called—which deals with the loves of Edgar Fairchild and Rose De la Touche, but this, of course, has merely been introduced to relieve the otherwise sombre character of the play. In some parts of the story there is considerable interest, but regarded as a whole the work must be pronounced very crude. The dialogue is pretentious and occasionally commonplace. There is, however, no denying that the audience assembled was much interested—a fact which was rendered emphatic by the silent attention which was given to more than one of the scenes. The principals were called to the front at the end.

THE OXFORD MUSIC HALL.

This programme presented by Mr. J. Jennings presents novelty and variety. Nothing objectionable is ever to be found here; nothing which men need fear should be seen by their wives and children, for no public establishment devoted to amusement could possibly be better conducted. "The Funny Four," including De Vey, Le Clerq, Lovell, and Butler, caused hours of laughter in their sketch. The Sisters Taylor sing well, and dance well. In salutary exercises they excel. "Jolly Nash, after an absence of three years, reappears. He appeared to be as merry and mirthful as ever, and there was shown a great unwillingness to let him go. His song of "Those who don't like it can leave it" had a patriotic ring about it, and was fully appreciated. Next he introduced that German, who, like the rest of his countrymen, on coming to this country, "don't want to go home." Finally, we saw and heard Mr. Nash as that curious and happy mortal who laughs at everybody and everything. And now came "Demophon; or, the Gambols of the Imps and Elves." Mr. Frank Hall has contributed a "Song of the Day," with sundry allusions to prominent topics, and other words have been contributed by Mr. Warner. The gem of the performance is "The Odenwald," which is most tunefully sung by Miss Bessie Bonhill, Mr. Brandon, and Mr. C. Vernon. Mr. Charles Collette is the next to appear. The Oxford patrons laugh very heartily at his lightning-like patter, at his song called "What an Afternoon," and at his impersonations of various merchants of the gutter showmen, &c. Mr. Collette is ably assisted by Mr. A. Balfour. The sensational element is furnished by those famous artists Gonza, Azella, and Lunardi, who go through an "astonishing combination of the most graceful aerial movements with gymnastic perfection," and who introduce "awe-inspiring feats of daring intrepidity." The entertainment has only to be seen to be wondered at and admired. Mr. Henri Clark keeps up his fame in comic business, and Mr. Will Parker "leads visitors to inquire which is the funnier dog of the two."

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD has taken the Lyceum Theatre for a term, commencing on Saturday, August 2d, and, during the absence of Mr. Henry Irving and the regular company, will produce a new play entitled "Zara," from the pen of Mr. Palgrave Simpson. Miss Ward is a most accomplished actress, and we wish her all possible success in her new venture.

MR. W. S. GILBERT, finding that the authorship of "Lord Mayor's Day," produced at the Folly, has been generally ascribed to him, says:—"It is true that some months since I commenced a rough translation of "La Cagnotte" for Madame Dolaro, but circumstances over which I had no control prevented my completing it, and the play was given to another author to adapt to the English stage. That gentleman had full licence from me to use the notes that I had made for my guidance; but, as I have neither seen the play nor attended any of the rehearsals, I am not in a position to say whether he has or has not availed himself of that permission."

MISS ADA WARD, the popular and refined actress, has returned to England after her second tour round the world. The marked success of this lady in every town in which she has been

so cordially welcomed has been chronicled from time to time in our columns during the past three years. After a short rest Miss Ada Ward will reappear before an English audience in one of her well-known characters.

FACETIE.

FALLING OUT.

"MAMMA," said a little girl, "as people get old does their hair grow quarrelsome?"

"Why, no, my child! Whatever put such a notion in your head?"

"I thought it must be so, ma, because I heard that old people's hair is constantly falling out!"

A GREEN reporter, in describing a case of what he called "attempted suicide," said: "The poor wretch put a ball through his breast, but failed in his suicidal purpose, although his wound proved mortal the next morning."

THE editor of a country paper says: "We have recently strengthened our editorial corps by the addition of a 'society editor,' recently from Paris, who has no peer in the country outside of the lunatic asylum."

AN old farmer, the first time he eat an oyster stew, was asked how he liked it: "Well," he answered, "I liked the soup well enough, but I wish they'd left out them pollywogs."

A CITIZEN of Cork being asked one morning how he "came by that black eye," answered that he "slept on his fist."

A CANNIBAL loved a cannibaless;
By moonlight he oft used to meet
her;

He said: "She's the height of my
happiness,

I love her so I could eat her."

This cannibal and his cannibaless
Were named Henry and Hen-
rietta;

One night they met in their guilelessness,
To part no more, for Henry ate
her.

"WHEN I die let me be buried within the sound of the hammer, the clang of the workshop, the hum of the mill," says the candidate in his speech. And then he goes home and seats himself in his rocking-chair, while his wife carries the coal out of the cellar to get supper with.

It's all very well to talk of economy, but the difficulty is to get anything to economise. The little baby who puts his toes in his mouth is almost the only person who in these times manages to make both ends meet.

"Will you please insert this obituary notice?" asked an old gentleman of a country editor. "I make bold to ask it because I know the deceased had a great many friends about here who'd be glad to hear of his death."

"I tol' her I'd never smoke another cigar," he said softly, "and I won't. A pipe's plenty good enough for me," and he gracefully drew a match over the leg of his trousers.

"I wish you'd let me go to the city with you, Fred," said a young wife to her husband, who was a broker; "I should so like just for once to take a stroll through the money market."

"Your late husband, madame," began her lawyer. "Yes, I know he was always late o' nights, but now that he's dead, don't let us upbraid him," said his charitable widow.

A POOR MEMORY.

THERE is such a thing-as having too many children if your memory is poor. The other night Spriggins counted his brood, but could only make up fourteen.

"How is this?" he asked his wife; "I thought there were fifteen of them at the last census."

"So there were," she answered; "but one of them died since then."

"Indeed!" said Spriggins, meditatively; "why, it seems to me I heard of that at the time."

LODGE VOTERS.

ALL claims to be put on the voting register must be made between the 16th inst. and August 25th. To be entitled to be put on the register—a lodger must—(1) Have occupied a room or rooms in the same house, in the borough, from July 15th, 1878, to July 15, 1879. Different rooms may have been occupied during this time, but the rooms must have been in the same house for the whole time. (2) The room or rooms must be such as would let, unfurnished, at not less than ten pounds per year (say equal to four shillings per week). Where lodgings are jointly occupied by more than one lodger and the clear year value (unfurnished) is of an amount which, when divided by the lodgers, gives not less than ten pounds for each lodger, then each lodger will be qualified, but not more than two lodgers will be entitled to be registered in respect of such lodgings by section 22 of the Parliamentary and Municipal Regulation Act, 1878.

GENTLY NOW THE DAY.

GENTLY now the day is fading
Sink's the sun far in the west,
Smiling all around is nature,
Peace reposing on its breast.
My heart is beating full of joy,
For 'tis time to see my love—
Each e'en we two the hours decoy.
When stars are twinkling above.

Little maiden, now I'm waiting
Thy bright smiling face to see,
O'er my heart I feel now beating
Love that came along with thee.
Come, while birds around are singing,
And we'll rove the woody dell,
Each other's joys contented, sharing,
And our tales of love we'll tell.

S. B. N.

GEMS.

PROFESSIONAL habit seems entirely to change the character of many men for the time being; and your model of forbearance at home is often severe and harsh in his business dealings abroad.

It is a mistake to imagine that only the violent passions, such as ambition and love, can triumph over the rest. Illness, languid as she often is, often masters them all; she indeed influences all our designs and actions, and insensibly consumes and destroys both passions and virtues.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

SOFT CORNS.—Scrape a small quantity of soap from the tablet on your washstand every morning and insert between the toes after your tub (yellow soap is best), and within a month a cure will be affected, and it will be final.

QUICK-DRYING BLACK VARNISH.—To every pound of English asphaltum add one pound of turpentine spirits; this will dry immediately.

CEMENT FOR GROTTO-WORK.—Take of shellac two parts, Venetian turpentine one part; melt together, and form into sticks like sealing-wax.

CEMENTING LEATHER TO METALS.—The leather is painted with a warm extract of nut-galls, the roughened and heated metal is coated

with a warm solution of glue, the leather put on and pressed.

A SOLUTION of pearlash in water, thrown upon a fire, extinguishes it instantly; the proportion is 4ozs. dissolved in hot water, and then poured into a bucket of common water.

BEEFSTEAK WITH TOMATO SAUCE.—Take one and a half dozen ripe tomatoes; skin, and scald them; put them in a saucepan, with one half pint of good beef gravy; season with salt and pepper, and put them to stew for one hour. When the steak is nicely broiled, pour this sauce upon it, and send it to the table.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DEATH OF A CANINE BELL-RINGER.—A fox terrier dog named "Pincher" has been killed on the Coventry and Nuneaton Railway. Pincher, although small in size, had for a long time distinguished himself by ringing the bell at Hawkesbury station on the approach of stopping trains, much to the passengers' amusement. After performing this feat on Sunday night he descended from the signal box, got upon the line, and was cut to pieces.

THERE is in London a gentleman whose father professed to be the lineal descendant of the House of Stuart, and who, living in Prague, held a kind of Court, at which he had six bagpipers, and at which he dispensed honours. Count Stuart d'Albany has long since given up these absurdities, and has been presented to the Queen, thereby acknowledging the rights of the House of Guelph.

The big boot warfare in America, has received the following addition:—"If I was as flat-footed as you are, I would not be afraid of slipping on the pavement." "Yes," was the response; "some people are flat on one end and some on the other."

We happened to remark the other day that every man has two roads to happiness open to him. One is matrimony and the other isn't. A female in reply, says, first thoughts are always best, as the old proverb has it.

HERE is an anecdote of the late Lord Glasgow, who happened to be in one of his irritable moods. His lordship was travelling by rail and tendered a "fiver" to the booking clerk for a ticket. "Put your name on it," said the youth, and Lord Glasgow endorsed it as requested, and handed the note back. "Here, hi, old fellow!" cried the clerk, "I want to know who you are and not where you're going to." Lord Glasgow's reply can only be hinted at; the recording angel had a difficult moment.

THE NELSON TABLET, "registered," is the title under which Mr. Harding, the noted stationer of 157 Piccadilly, has just introduced in two sizes, a most practical form of notepaper and envelope in one sheet. These slide into the tablet and can be readily removed when using. A solid ink pencil is attached, which will be found invaluable. The larger size is intended for letters and the smaller for invitations, notes, etc. For economy both in time and cost they are certainly unequalled.

"ANGELINA," said Augustus, eagerly, "I've made aw—a conundrum. It's weal nice, too. What did Jonah find to wile upon when he was thrown overboard?" Angelina: "Oh, Gusy! Why, he—tell me, darling." Augustus: "He went by the wailway. Ain't that awfully jawly, Angelina? Took me two hours to do it, too; 'pon honaw."

A WOMAN'S rights philosopher talking kindly at man in general, says, a month before marriage and a month after death men regard their wives as angels. Of the remaining time they have nothing to say. And during it the say is all the other way, is the reply made by our editor—who also reminds her that she has forgotten the honeymoon, so called because of its close resemblance to the sweet product of the bee, also resembling the honeycomb, with this slight difference, that the honeycomb is made up of little cells, while the honeymoon is sometimes regarded as one great cell.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS must in all cases be accompanied with full name and address; they will be replied to under the initials.

ASTRONOMER.—If, as you state, you want a reliable telescope at once cheap and perfect, we recommend you to purchase one of Theobald's "Acme" telescopes. This instrument is very powerful; it has been known to sight an object at a distance of twenty miles. The price of the telescope brings it within the reach of all. You can procure one of Mr. Theobald, Portland House, Greenwich.

MADE S.—Yes, send your full name and address.

YOUNG TIM & LITTLE JOE.—We answered you by post, as per address given, but received the letter back, marked "Not known."

H. P.—Girl, 16, Boy, 14.

WILLIAM.—1. The Queen is an Englishwoman, of German descent, daughter of Edward, fourth son of George III. Guelph is the family name. 2. Soft corn: See remedy under head of "Household Treasures," page 311.

JONN L.—Stilton cheese, so much approved by epicures, was originally and chiefly made at Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire.

MIMIN.—To remove slight casual blemishes, apply glycerine on retiring at night. It is inexpensive, and can be obtained from any chemist.

POLLY K. & LIZZIE L.—See reply to "Mande S."

SABAN.—The statement of the age could in nowise affect the legality of the marriage.

LILY.—Try Lamplough's Prismatic Saline, a very refreshing and invigorating summer drink well recommended as a remedy for headaches, constipation, &c.

NELLIE.—Certainly they are genuine. Send your matrimonial advertisement to the Editor.

A. J. H.—Doubtless you can get the lime-water of any chemist, who will tell you the quantities, &c.

LIONEL V. wishes to know if there are any tapestry or Brussels carpet manufacturers in Kent, Berks, or Wiltshire. Could any reader kindly oblige him?

A FRIEND.—Send name and address on stamped envelope, and we will reply to you by post.

ISABEL.—Ginger Beer: Put the thick-peeled rind of four lemons into a large earthen pan with the strained juice, two ounces of bruised ginger, two and a half pounds of loaf sugar, and half an ounce of cream of tartar. Pour over these ingredients two and a half gallons of boiling water, and when lukewarm, add two tablespoonsfuls of fresh brewer's yeast. Stir the yeast from the top, pour the beer carefully from the sediment, and bottle for use. The corks should be perfectly round, put into boiling water just before being used, and then securely wired down. It will be ready for use in two days. Cost, about 1s. 1d.; sufficient for three and a half dozen ginger beer bottles.

ARTHUR.—See reply to "Mande S."

GEORGE'S DARLING.—You can obtain the numbers which contain the tale entitled "That Young Person" direct from our office, 334, Strand, London, W.C. We do not publish our authors' names.

G. H. B.—We do not understand your question. Write again.

E. D. K.—To make good black currant wine, put equal quantities of currant juice and water into a cask with three pounds and a half of sugar to two gallons of the mixture, and put it in a warm place. When it has fermented, take off the refuse; keep the cask filled up with juice, and add a quart of brandy to every six gallons directly the fermentation ceases. The cask must then be closed up for eight or nine months, when it may be bottled off; but it will not be fit for use until it has been at least twelve months in bottle. Probable cost, 3s. 6d. per gallon.

Rhubarb Wine: To every gallon of water add five pounds of rhubarb cut in thin slices. Let it stand nine days, stirring it three times a day; it should be covered over by a thick cloth. Squeeze it through a cloth, and to every gallon allow four pounds of lump sugar, the juice of three lemons, and the rind of one. To every nine gallons allow one ounce of isinglass. Dissolve it over the fire in about a pint of the liquor, and mix it when cold with the wine. Put the wine into the cask when done fermenting, bung it down, let it remain till March, and then bottle it; it is then ready for drinking. A wineglassful of good brandy greatly improves the flavour; it is not necessary, but simply a matter of taste.

H. C., J. N., and J. M., three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. H. C. is twenty-six, medium height, dark. J. N. is twenty-five, tall, dark hair and eyes, fair. J. M. is twenty-seven, dark hair, hazel eyes, fair, medium height.

LOUISA U. C. would like to correspond with a seaman in the Royal Navy.

ALICE and MARY, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Alice is eighteen, black hair, hazel eyes, medium height. Mary is seventeen, light brown hair, dark eyes, fond of music and dancing. Both are of loving dispositions.

HARRY and WALTER, two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two young ladies. Harry is twenty-six. Walter is twenty-one. Both are of medium height. Respondents must be about twenty-one, medium height, dark.

DAISY and CAMILLA, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Daisy is eighteen, dark, medium height, good-looking. Camilla is seventeen, fair, of a loving disposition. Respondents must be about twenty-one, tall, dark.

LONG POLE, twenty-two, fond of home and children, would like to correspond with a young lady about the same age.

ANNIE, twenty-five, medium height, dark, thoroughly domesticated, fond of home, would like to correspond with a gentleman about twenty-seven.

LIZZIE and EMILY, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Lizzie is eighteen, tall, fair, light blue eyes. Emily is eighteen, fair, dark eyes, of a loving disposition.

ANNIE, LIZZIE, and ETTY would like to correspond with three young men with a view to matrimony. Annie is tall, dark, blue eyes. Lizzie is of medium height, brown hair, blue eyes. Ettie has brown hair and eyes, medium height.

SILVER THREAPLES, forty, a widow, no incumbrance, fond of music, would like to correspond with a gentleman of suitable age with a view to matrimony.

CARRIE, twenty-three, medium height, fair, of a loving disposition, domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-six, tall, dark, loving, with a view to matrimony.

HONEST TOM, twenty-two, loving, fond of home and children, fair, would like to correspond with a young lady about nineteen.

C. E. D., good-looking, fair, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty-one.

WILL YOU KEEP THIS LITTLE HORNSUP?

WILL you keep this little rosebud,
In all its sweet perfume,
And cherish it with thoughts of love,
Though brighter roses bloom,
Though it loses its fragrance
And its beauty fade away,
Still my heart will to it cling
Though I bear far away.

When this little rose has faded,
And its beauty lost to sight,
It will bring back fond remembrance
Of the days now so bright;
Keep it as a sacred token
Of the love I give to you,
Though it fades and loses its beauty,
Twill whisper still he loves but you.

W. H. W.

SCRAB BAG, DIRT TUB, and BREAD BARGE, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. Scrab Bag is thirty-one, fair, medium height, fond of children. Dirt Tub is twenty-one, dark hair and eyes, of a loving disposition. Bread Barge is twenty-five, medium height, dark, brown hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition, fond of food.

ANNIE and EMMA, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Annie is loving, medium height, dark hair and eyes. Emma is fair, fond of home, and thoroughly domesticated.

LOVELY LOU would like to correspond with a gentleman about twenty. Respondent must be fair, loving, fond of home and music.

A. G. L. and J. B. D., two petty officers in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. A. G. L. is twenty-six, dark, hazel eyes. J. B. D. is twenty-four, blue eyes.

HAPPY JACK, ARTFUL JOE, HANDSOME HARRY, and LONGEST TOM, four seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with four young ladies. Happy Jack is twenty-three, fair, good-looking. Artful Joe is twenty-two, very hairy, dark. Handsome Harry is nineteen, good-looking. Longest Tom is twenty-four, light blue eyes.

H. B. and J. C., two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. H. B. is twenty, medium height, dark, curly hair, hazel eyes, and fond of music. J. C. is twenty-one, dark hair, blue eyes, fond of children.

GREASE POT and STOCKHOLM POT, two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Greasepot is nineteen, fair. Stockholm Pot is dark, fond of music and dancing.

H. R., E. G. A. F., and G. W. T., three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. H. R. is good-looking, tall, fond of children. E. G. A. F. is fair, good-tempered, medium height. G. W. T. is good-looking, dark, and good-tempered. Respondents must be between nineteen and twenty-two.

M. M. would like to correspond with a tall, dark young man in a good position.

HAMMOCK GANTLINE and CLOTHES LINE, two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two young ladies. Hammock Gantline is twenty-tall, good-looking, dark, fond of children. Clothes Line is twenty-two, medium height, fair, blue eyes, fond of dancing and music.

LIZZIE, tall, fair, loving, would like to correspond with a gentleman of a loving disposition, tall, dark, fond of home.

ALICE and LIZZIE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Alice is seventeen, brown hair, grey eyes, tall. Lizzie is nineteen, brown hair, hazel eyes. Respondents must be about twenty-tall, dark, good-tempered, and fond of home and children.

RINGTAIL and SPINAKER, two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. Ringtail is twenty-two, tall, fair, blue eyes, fond of children. Spinaker is twenty-three, tall, dark, handsome, and fond of dancing and music.

ROSIE, ADA, and DAISY, three friends, would like to correspond with three young men. Rosie is twenty, tall, good-looking, fond of home and music. Ada is eighteen, tall, fair, fond of music and dancing. Daisy is nineteen, medium height, good-looking.

FLYING FORESAIL, SPRITSAIL YARD, and SMOKESAIL, three seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. Flying Foresail is twenty, dark hair, blue eyes, fond of music. Spritsail Yard is twenty-three, dark, handsome. Smokesail is twenty-three, tall, dark, of a loving disposition, good-looking.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

JOINER is responded to by—S. A. S., twenty-one.

WILL's address required by—Isabel, nineteen, domesticated, fond of home, medium height, dark, and by—Nellie, nineteen, medium height, domesticated.

GUST's address required by—Polly, twenty, medium height, domesticated, dark.

COSSET by—Emilie, fair, tall, fond of home and music.

FLY SPANNER by—Millie, dark, medium height, good-tempered.

HELMET by—Rosalind, dark, domesticated.

BESSIE's address required by—Charles T., thirty-eight, loving, good-looking, fond of children, and by—G. A., thirty-three, tall, fond of home and children.

ROSAINE's address required by—John. MINNIE's address required by—George. DORA's address required by—Benjamin.

LOVING GEORGE by—Lovely Mary, tall, auburn hair, dark brown eyes, fair, fond of music.

SWEET WILLIAM by—Handsome Jean, dark hair and eyes.

Pretty JOHNNY by—Dark-Eyed Susie, fair, tall, dark hair, fond of dancing.

HETTY B. by—W. V., forty-four, well-off, and good-tempered.

ALBERT by—Florence H., seventeen, auburn hair, blue eyes, medium height.

HERBERT by—Edith, twenty, dark hair, brown eyes, medium height.

SOPHY's address required by—Frederick B., dark, fond of music and dancing.

EMILY's address required by—Charles Q., dark, fond of music, medium height.

BONNY KATE's address required by—Thomas R., a marine in the Royal Navy.

JOINER by—Lottie, good-looking, medium height, fond of home and children.

A. Z. by—E. E.

MERRY SAM by—Lizzie, twenty-one, tall, fair, fond of home and children.

J. W. by—Emily, dark, good-looking.

CARMEN by—M. B., twenty-three, of a loving disposition, fair.

G. A. B. by—Sarah Emma, brown eyes, loving.

FRANK by—L. F., twenty-two, tall, fair, dark brown eyes, of a loving disposition.

GEORGE by—A. M., eighteen, fair, blue eyes, medium height, fond of music and dancing.

LONGLY MINNIE's address required by—E. C., forty, and by—W. V., dark, forty-four, good-tempered, and in a good position.

WILL by—Lottie, twenty, fair, thoroughly domesticated, blue eyes.

GUST by—Mabel, nineteen, brown hair, grey eyes, and domesticated.

EVERTONIAN by—Rose, twenty, brown hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition.

LIVERPOOLIAN by—Loving Little Maid, and by—Bessie, nice, twenty-two, dark, fond of home.

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